SALON
OF
1891

PARIS
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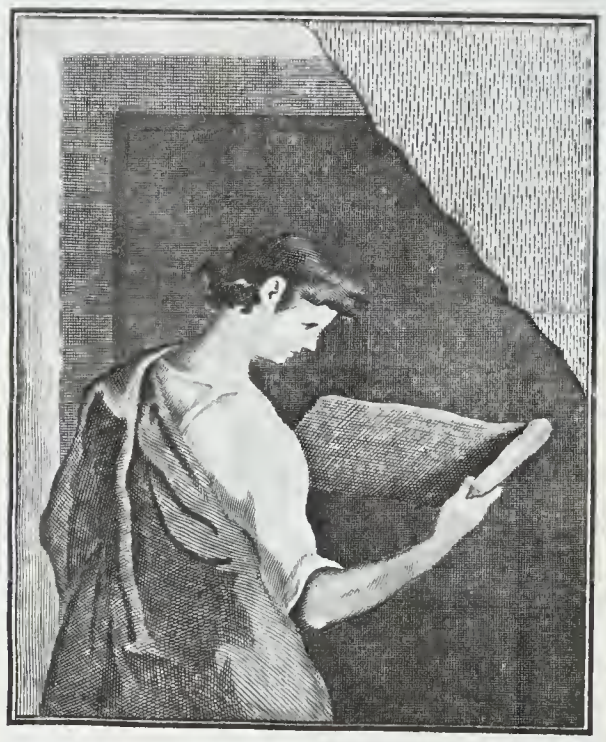

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SALON OF 1891

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With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

VELLUM EDITION. — Text and engravings on VELLUM PAPER.

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No 125

ANTONIN PROUST

THE SALON OF 1891

ONE HUNDRED PLATES IN PHOTOGRAVURE

AND ETCHINGS

BY

GOUPIL & C°

With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

PARIS

GOUPIL & C°

(BOUSSOD, VALADON & Co., SUCCESSORS)

BOSTON

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LE SALON

PAINTING

I

THE Exhibition of the Society of French Artists this year includes 1733 paintings and 400 drawings. These pictures and drawings are displayed in four square rooms and a certain number of long galleries which have been substituted for the small rooms formerly used, on the first floor of the Palais de l'Industrie. At the end of this first-floor suite looking out on the Cours-la-Reine, a large room has been set apart as a sitting-room for resting in. Thus the Society has made some important alterations in its quarters. This is a step towards the general reform of

exhibitions which is so pressingly urged by all who are interested in the satisfactory display of works of art.

A propos to this I was lately looking through some notes which I had made during several years, on the subject of the annual show of the Salon, and from which I have gathered the following observations.

Before the organization of these exhibitions was left to the artists, the government was wont to consult the Council of the Beaux-Arts as to the plan to be followed in the arrangement of the official Salon. In 1877, I had the honor of submitting to them a proposal for extending the scope of these annual exhibitions, and for giving them in some degree the aspect of a real Salon—a drawing-room display of works of art—by leaving greater space between the pictures and by adding certain decorative objects, such as are commonly but incorrectly regarded as products of industrial art or craft, but which in design at any rate often demand an expenditure of talent closely related to the Fine Arts. I repeated in the presence of the Council a theory which I had already stated in a pamphlet published in 1862, after the second Great Exhibition in London. "Museums will never be useful, exhibitions will never be instructive"—I wrote in this pamphlet—"till pictures are hung with so much space between them as shall enable each to be seen without interference from the others. The extent of a picture is never really marked out by the narrow frame which surrounds it. The picture, whatever the subject, is never more than a part of a much larger scene which forms a whole. A space therefore should be left all round it in harmony with its character. But a sacred subject is brought from the altar, a portrait from its home; pastorals are fetched from the boudoir, allegories from the ceilings, pictured trophies from their panels, and everything is hung at hap-hazard. In this way a vast number of pictures are brought together. And is one of them ever hung in a suitable light? Very seldom. But how can it be otherwise in this medley

J J HENNER

WEEPING

SALON DE 1891

THE "PARDON" OF KERGOAT

SALON DU ROI

collection, this motley of coloring, in which, here as everywhere, the loudest drown the rest. 'It has frequently happened,' wrote Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'as I was informed by the keeper of the Vatican, that many of those whom he had conducted through the various apartments of that edifice, when about to be dismissed, have asked for the works of Raphael, and would not believe that they had already passed through the rooms where they are preserved; so little impression had these performances made on them. I remember very well my own disappointment when I first visited the Vatican.'"

Another English painter, Turner, was so fully convinced of this truth that he left two pictures to the National Gallery on condition of their being hung according to his instructions; and once at Manchester he altered the tone of one of his landscapes which suffered from the vicinity of a picture by Wilkie. Hence sufficient space must be allowed to each picture, which must lead to more frequent and less crowded exhibitions; and this is absolutely necessary to redeem the very name of "Exhibition" from its worst meaning, that of "Pillory."

I added, with reference to what is known as industrial art, that, to be complete, an exhibition should be open to every form and expression of art without any exceptions, and that in fact this is the only way to revive that sense of decorative unity which is rapidly dying out, while its disappearance has resulted in the mania for mere collecting, and insensibility to that feeling for harmony which is the distinctive characteristic of the French mind.

I need not add that this proposal, which I had the honor of laying before the Council of the Beaux-Arts in 1877, was rejected by the aid of those overriding arguments which are derived from an affected respect for tradition, meaning in truth adhesion to routine.

In 1880, after an exhibition which was memorable for the crowding of the pictures, the Council of the Beaux-Arts were required, according to custom, to deliberate on the programme for the display of

the following year. The discussion, with M. Jules Ferry in the chair, digressed into the usual comments on capable and incompetent juries. At this juncture I reminded the Council that the Marquis de Chennevières, when he was Director of the Beaux-Arts, had suggested to certain artists the notion of forming themselves into a Society and taking the management of the Salon into their own hands. I took the opportunity of pointing out that under this scheme of an independent Salon the State would be relieved of an onerous responsibility. In their anxiety to find an issue from an inextricable dilemma, the Council welcomed the idea I had laid before them. A commission was appointed, and drew up a report to the Council in favor of an independent Salon, and the authorities of the Beaux-Arts having accepted the opinion adopted by their Council, artists were invited to constitute a Society under the protection and privileges of the State.

It might then have been hoped that the Society of French Artists would adopt, for subsequent exhibitions, a greatly improved plan and arrangement; nothing of the kind; the Salon went on from year to year—from 1880 to 1889—without any change for the better.

In 1889, when I was entrusted with the arrangement of the picture galleries at the Champ de Mars, I dreamed of inaugurating a better scheme. But space was limited; the utmost I could do was to keep the works of each artist together, so that if one of his pictures suffered from contiguity with another, he had no one but himself to thank for it.

But having been called upon to explain my views on the subject in the preface to the Report on the Fine Arts Section in the official record of the Great Exhibition of 1889, I observed that "on the subject of the separation of the various kinds of works of art we still cling to prejudices dating from the time of the Revolution. At that epoch it had been necessary to take measures to preserve works of art against loss or injury, and museums were built on

P. LA FARGE

JOAN OF ARC

Virginie Demont-Breton

the plan which still obtains. Then the same arrangement was adopted in exhibitions as a matter of course, without regard to the fact that it destroyed the effect of unity which ought to be carried out. When we desire to achieve a really interesting exhi-

LAURENT DE BEAUCEAUX. *The Sisters of the poor.*

bition it must be done by placing in one and the same room the furniture suited to it, the pictures on the walls they are intended to decorate, and the statues in the places they are to fill. Such a scheme demands a large extent of space; architects must lay themselves out to fulfill needs of which at present they have no conception. But then their works will be better appreciated, as well as those which they must make it their task to do justice to."

A few years hence, no doubt, the world will wonder how we could so long submit to seeing our exhibitions arranged as they

have been ever since the end of the last century. The clear-sighted spirit of the French will, I am convinced, help to rescue from the obscurity of separate exhibitions those objects which are regarded as the product of mere industrial art—"Arts and Crafts"—to restore each work of art to its due place and position, and to set before our eyes a combination of things which, as belonging to the same class and having the same origin, ought to be seen in necessary association.

I have mentioned that some improvements have now been introduced in the arrangements of the Salon of the Society of French Artists this year. The attempt is modest, but praiseworthy, and out of the mingled mass of works exhibited I propose to select those which, after a first brief survey, strike me as most deserving of note.

French art is always distinguished by one conspicuous quality, the sense of size and proportion; what may be termed the sense of comprehensibility. The national art has in the course of ages come under various more or less happy influences, that of Italy in the sixteenth century; somewhat later that of Flemish art; then the Pseudo-Greek influence in the eighteenth century and during the early years of the nineteenth. But it has always recovered its vitality, returned to the true path, and marched on its own way.

At the present time it is fast freeing itself from the affectation of the antique, and, after refreshing itself in the study of landscape, is earnestly studying real life in modern civilisation, setting aside the revivifying of dead things.

When, after admiring the marvels of Gothic art, we discern that incursion of Italian taste which came to check the movement carried forward by such men as Lescot, Bullant, Delorme, Michel Colomb, Jean Cousin, Clouet, Léonard and Courtois, we are for a time saddened; but how great is our admiration for that vitality of French art which nothing can destroy, when Du Cerceau and Desbrosses appear on the scene; when, somewhat later, we mark the rise of Nicolas Poussin, Claude le Lorrain and Callot—a

TO ARMS

vitality which, casting off by degrees all symbolism and conceits, bears the record of such names as Gabriel, Louis, Watteau, Boucher, Chardin and Houdon, and as Perrault, Mansart, Coustou Coysevox, Puget and Latour.

The school of French art, as exhibited at the Champ de Mars in 1889, dating only from the time of David, but including Madame Vigée, Boilly, Carle-Vernet, Duplessis-Bertaut, Isabey, Hubert Robert, Prudhon and Gros, carried on by Géricault, Delacroix and Ingres, by Rude and Barye; then taken into the fields and woods by Corot, Millet, Rousseau and Daubigny, or working in the decorative style through Deveria, Couture, Baudry and Carpeaux; or again following soldiers in camp and battle-fields with Raffet and Meissonier, or fascinated by the purely modern aspects of life under the guidance of Courbet, Manet, and Bastien Lepage—this school is worthy of the golden ages of French art. It is as vigorous and as steadfast as its precursors, and perhaps even more eager in the search for truth. It goes forward on its glorious way, full of memories and regrets, but yet more full of the hopes which link its fortunes with the various efforts which are being made in other nations—in Germany, Italy, and England, in the north, and even beyond the Atlantic.

It is by reason more especially of this radiating influence that the French school is interesting. It is abroad, indeed, that it is gathering the fruit of its struggles. At the end of the last century and the beginning of this, the French school was so torn by internal differences that the same artists sacrificed to two opposing creeds : the search for truth, and the mania for imitation. David, for instance, was in love by turns with the antique, in his picture of "The Sabine Women," and with realism, in the "Coronation of Napoleon" and in most of his portraits. Rude's allegiance was no less divided; and thus it is that, at the present time, those artists who worship at the shrine of the past, and those who glorify the actual, may claim the same ancestry.

At the same time we feel prompted to smile as we read the effusions of those art critics who speak of M. Ingres, the fine draughtsman who has left to us such a noble series of portraits full of the faithful study of nature, as an archæologist alive only to the charms of the antique, and contrasting him with Delacroix who, caring neither for form nor color, had no ambition but that of rousing and stirring the fancy, embodying an idea and realizing a scene with broad, decisive and startling effect.

The two men have equal power, but reveal it by opposite methods. One shows us, as in the portrait of Madame Devaucey, the matchless charm of reality discerned by unfailing vigor of observation. The other forces on us the passion of the subject he sets before us, by the use of every means, down to the antagonistic traits of his own genius and the very faults of his technique. Still, Ingres and Delacroix are of the same family, that great French family which, acting on loyal conviction, never loses sight of the end in view.

In referring here to the dissimilar methods by which two men of genius became the glory of the French school, my point is to show that, in matters of art, purpose alone is of importance. It is quite beside the matter that painters, sculptors or architects expend science and talent in producing works which delight their contemporaries by following the more or less commonplace recipes which happen to be in fashion. So long as they do not make it their first aim to get at the heart of the subject or of the entity they have to reproduce by setting aside every consideration that is foreign to their art, they are not, strictly speaking, artists. They are imitators, not creators. In nature no two things are exactly alike. Every race of beings, every scene in its details, every landscape under all its aspects, has its individual stamp. Then comes Man, adding himself to Nature, and interpreting it by the light of his personal feeling. Byzantine ingenuity devised statues of which the head could be changed with a change of name; but

SKIRMISH IN A VILLAGE

A BROOKLET

LAYING THE WOUNDED

(SALON FRANÇAIS 1890)

A. GUILLOU — *Waiting*

this is merely a trade trick; art has nothing to say to it. Rembrandt's "Christ" is not like Delacroix.' Still it is the "Christ." Barye, when he models a lion, does not make him just any lion; he copies the beast he sees before him with every peculiarity of detail. Which is as much as to say that any work of art which does not bear the stamp of individuality is not in fact a work of art; and that the individuality which does not make it a duty to seek constantly after the infinite difference to be found in nature, must degenerate, and at last be effaced.

In the Salon of this year decorative painting, or, to be exact, paintings intended to decorate public buildings are few. On the landing of the stairs leading to the galleries on the first floor we find a ceiling by M. Gabriel Ferrier, described in the catalogue as a "Ceiling for the French Embassy at Berlin: The Glorification of the Arts." I know not who the minister may be who gave M. Gabriel Ferrier this commission, nor, when the commission had been given, what minister approved of the sketch. But throughout the world, French art enjoys a reputation to which I have already referred, and to preserve that reputation it was the duty of the government to see that the French Embassy at

Berlin should possess a really French work, and not a luckless imitation of the compositions of Tiepolo.

The Germans themselves have at the "Residenz" at Würzburg, one of this Venetian painter's most amazing efforts, and they will certainly be surprised to find that originality, as understood by French art in the nineteenth century, consists in drawing inspirations from his masterpieces, and not in work of an individual stamp.

In the large square room, the panel opposite to the door is almost entirely occupied by the decorative picture painted on commission by M. Jean-Paul Laurens for the Hôtel de Ville, "The Arch of Steel, an episode of the 17th of July, 1789." What a delightful page of history is the account of the 17th of July, 1789, in Bailly's Memoirs. This is not the day of Boissy d'Anglas, so wonderfully depicted by Delacroix, nor one of the dramatic scenes of the Spanish war, as shown us by Goya in the Madrid Gallery. It is more suggestive of Regnault's picture of Prim's alarms at the height of his triumphant popularity.

Louis XVI has been escorted from the gates of Paris by a mob anxious to make him the leader of the Revolution. The populace have been in arms ever since the 12th. A woman is killed close to the King's carriage, on the Place Louis XV. The crowd are indignant at this shot, fired by a blunderer or an over-hasty partisan. The King has arrived at the Hôtel de Ville : here "order in disorder" is supreme, as Caussidière afterwards said. He mounts the steps to enter the building. It is here that the "Arch of Steel" is formed. The noise was terrific, the shouting deafening; the King was seized with a panic, so Bailly tells us.

In M. Jean-Paul Laurens' hands the scene is less uproarious; he has given it a business-like aspect which is not true to history. At the same time the peculiar qualities of the painter's talent have never been better displayed.

The large picture by M. Rochegrosse, "The last of Babylon," was not, I fancy, intended for any special decorative purpose; it

THE HUNS _ ATTILA

may, nevertheless, be regarded as a decorative work. M. Rochegrosse has put a great deal of cleverness into it of the kind which can be acquired by long study in a given direction. Parts of it are executed with rare skill and an ingenuity of reconstruction which shows great archæological knowledge. But in vain do we seek, among a crowd of details, all nearly equally emphasized, the leading idea which moved M. Rochegrosse to undertake the presentment of the scene he has set before us; and not being at all impressed by the dramatic action, we find ourselves reduced to studying the composition piecemeal, as we might turn over the pages of a volume of literary excerpts.

The ceiling painted by M. Raphaël Colin for the Odéon Theater is charmingly graceful. It perhaps lacks decisiveness. Decorative painting demands a certain coarseness of treatment; or, if not coarseness, extreme simplicity is absolutely indispensable.

When I say coarseness, I do not go so far as to approve of the violent coloring M. Rouffet has used in "The End of the Epic." However, the vehemence he has infused into the rush into a ravine at Waterloo is apparent rather than real. It is evident that M. Rouffet is still strongly attached to certain formulas, though anxious to be free from them. When he has won his freedom, French art may find him a valiant henchman.

"Every Man has his Chimera," by M. Henri Martin, pleases me greatly. Two years ago, M. Henri Martin exhibited a large work, "The Federation." Last year he sent an equally large canvas, "The Entry of the President of the Republic into the Town of Agen." From the first to the second he had made visible progress; M. Henri Martin showed increasing mastery in the method he had adopted, which consists in aiming at harmony by means of simplicity—simplicity of composition, of modeling in the figures, and of general tone. His work this year is full of real power. Even the monotonous character of the handling lends peculiar attractiveness to the picture. M. Henri Martin will per-

haps be accused of making his figures too emaciated, of weakening his contrasts, and of reducing every tone to the same pitch. But criticism always has a mania for comparison, and for condemning the thing which is precisely the most original feature of a work. I would urge M. Henri Martin not to allow himself to be distracted by such observations, but to persevere in the road on which he has started.

M. Bramtot has attempted decorative painting in the naturalistic style in a work for a Mairie entitled "Universal Suffrage." He shows a genuine desire to be faithful to the thing seen, but he gives us only the dry bones of reality, without the covering which lends it charm, the fluctuating atmosphere which makes it delightful.

Of portraits there are many in the Palais de l'Industrie. That of Cardinal Bernadou, Archbishop of Sens, by M. Elie Delaunay, is one of the most remarkable. Every portion is handled with a mastery which places M. Delaunay in the first rank of living artists. Chaplin's last portrait is an exquisite piece of painting. I went the other day to Haro's in the Rue Visconti, to an exhibition of Chaplin's works; those, that is to say, which he left in his studio. It is always a pleasure to study the work of a man who thoroughly knows his own mind, and puts it into his work. M. Bonnat has sent one of the best portraits he ever painted; but unfortunately he always sets his heads against a background of red iron-plating, which may lead our great-grandchildren to believe that sitting for a portrait was a form of torture in our day. M. Raphaël Colin has a fine "Portrait of a lady," sincerely and freely painted. M. Cormon would have given us a capital likeness of M. Gérome if he had only concentrated our interest on the head of the sitter, without distracting our attention by such a crowd of accessories, well painted as they are, no doubt. The picture of his own family, sent by M. Doucet, reveals great soundness of observation, for which he deserves all the greater

BANKS OF THE RIVER – PORTE-OIE

BONNAT

SAMSON'S YOUTH

praise, because, for some years past, he has allowed himself to be led astray by his remarkable facility of execution, to be really too neglectful of truth. M. Humbert startles us every season by adopting a new manner. This year the surprise is an agreeable one. M. Jules Lefebvre exhibited in the last Salon a portrait

L. PERRAULT *Cupid's awakening*

of a young man which was in every way remarkable. The one he sends this year is less attractive, the sitter not lending himself to so fine a flow of lines. Madame Machard, on the other hand, has that charm, and M. Machard has turned it to good account. The portrait exhibited by M. Tournier is on a level with his former work, and M. Chartran's will be certainly popular. M. Albert Lambert gives us a good portrait of M. Marais, of the Comédie-Française, and Mr. George Smith sits his horse well, as we are shewn by Mr. Guthrie, of Renfrewshire.

M. Fantin-Latour exhibits no portrait here; he is represented by two compositions, "Dancing," and "The Temptation of St Anthony," which remind us of the fine drawings heightened with colored chalk which he has sent to some former exhibitions. MM. Giacomotti, Monchablon, Popelin, Toudouze, Schommer, and Layraud—all "Prix de Rome"—send portraits. The veteran Jean Gigoux is still full of youth in his somewhat timid presentment of the bloodless faces of M. Jules Simon and M. Bonnat. M. Duvent is extremely happy in his likeness of Jean Coquelin, and M. Lemeunier shows us Detaille gallantly perched on the top of a ladder. Worthy of note are portraits by MM. Gomez, Lecomte du Nouy, Aman Jean—showing marked improvement—Lattard, Gœpp-Guyon. The portrait of Comtesse X., by M. Franzini d'Issoncourt is one of the finest in the Salon. M. Duffaud has been no less happy. We have yet to mention M. Guirand de Scevola, and Mademoiselle Mélanie Besson. M. Benjamin-Constant, M. Flameng, M. Comerre, and M. de Saint-Pierre exhibit portraits which will command public attention. M. Allègre, of Marseilles, who has hitherto sent marine pieces to the annual exhibition, this year contributes a large portrait of a lady, and a study after M. Paul Gonzalès, on a somewhat smaller scale. Mademoiselle Abbema is faithful to a style in which she has earned deserved success. I am much pleased with M. Franck Bail's "Old Alchemist," partly, perhaps, because I have so great a regard for his model, my worthy friend Geoffroy Dechaume, a sculptor of the old school, but ever young himself, my active and sympathetic colleague. It would be unfair not to mention M. Buland or Madame Brouardel, who amuses herself with painting, while her husband comes to the Chamber of Deputies to lend the support of his high authority, or argues in the Palais de Justice at the suggestion of Doctor Liégeois. M. Tanoux, of Marseilles, has found in the person of my colleague, M. Peytral, a sitter to whom he has done justice, and M. Lix gives us a faithful likeness of Senator Maze, while

W. GAY

M. Franzini d'Issoncourt, whose fine portrait of a lady I have already mentioned, sends an admirable presentment of Doctor Desprès, who, for once, I hope, will forgive a layman for having done a good deed. The "Portrait of my mother," by M. Paul-Albert Laurens, is a powerful study and the attitude is fine. If M. Crochepierre cared to make a speciality of portraits of old ladies, he would achieve a great reputation; perhaps, however, he might not find many sitters, for he paints wrinkles with microscopical exactitude. M. Sully-Prudhomme, of the French Academy, has had himself—I will not say immortalized, since he is already one of the Immortals—but depicted by M. Georges Sauvage. M. Constans entrusted the physiognomy of the Minister of the Interior to the hands of M. Adolphe Yvon; Miss Eames, the singer, has employed the brush of Mr. Julian Story; and M. Paul Mounet, of the Comédie-Française, that of M. de Laubadère. M. de Munkacsy sends a portrait arranged in the same style as his work of last year. M. Calbet exhibits a singular portrait of M. Falguière, and Madame Coeffier has a very good likeness of M. Lamoureux. In the course of a single visit to the Salon it was impossible to take note of all the well-painted portraits. I must return to this interesting topic.

Landscape is finely represented. Besides the always admired works of M. Harpignies, M. Français, M. Pelouze, M. Auguin, M. Luigi Loir, M. Bernier, M. Busson, M. Guillemet, M. Gagliardini, and M. de Curzon, we must mention M. Le Liepvre, who sends two canvases of powerful and decorative quality, M. Paulin Bertrand, and M. Eugène Giraud, of Marseilles. "Aspens in Autumn" by the last-named painter, and M. P. Bertrand's "Under the Pines," are finely and simply studied. M. Émile Isenbart, M. Edmund Yon, M. Yarz, M. Alexandre Nozal, and M. Quignon will be as successful as in former years.

Still-life has the usual number of votaries. Monginot, who is a master in this line; Bail, who so well understands the treat-

ment of the potato; Fouace, and many more. Then the devotees of Flora, Jeannin and Quost. M. Mérite adores the brute creation; "Wild Boars fighting" would be a good subject for a piece of tapestry.

At the beginning of this century it was customary to call every picture which was not dignified as "historical" by the name of "genre." To satisfy our ancestors an historical picture was necessarily the representation of a scene from history on an immense scale, and everything which was not of conventionally vast proportions was relegated to what, in a dry goods store, might be designated as the "genre department." Now, is the "Asylum for the Aged," by Mademoiselle Marie Heyermans, to be called a work of genre? I am not altogether prepared to place it in that class. What I can honestly say is that the general effect of the work is satisfactory, and that it would be more so if the figure in the foreground, and one just behind it, did not disturb the harmony of this interior of the Asylum, which is well understood, and carefully studied and painted.

"A Funeral at Sea," by Mr. Frank Brangwyn is a really impressive work by sheer force of purpose, sobriety of treatment, and interest of incident. Mr. Dessar is an American, and he has painted an exquisite picture of "Étaples." M. Bosch-Reitz is an artist of the highest promise. "The Evening of Life" has touches of the finest quality, and in "The Smoker," the hands are sketched in the most masterly manner. These are three foreigners, among many more, who bear witness to the healthy effect of French influence on the arts.

Among the French themselves, if I have been obliged to lament the transfer to Berlin of a feeble imitation of Venetian art by M. Ferrier, I find, on the other hand, a multitude of artists who assert their individuality. Of these—with every intention of returning to the study of their works—I may here mention M. Ernest Bordes, who exhibits "The Rolling Mill;" M. Bompard, with two

BENJAMIN CONSTANT

PORTRAIT OF MR BENJAMIN CONSTANT

T. CHAHERIAN

MRS. GRANIER.

VAUDEVILLE THEATER.

views of "Oued Chetma;" M. Buland, "The Municipal Council of Pierrelaye;" M. Charpentier, "The Return;" M. Chigot, "Lost at Sea;" M. Max Claude, "A Promenade;" M. Dantan, "A Restoration;" M. Debat-Ponsan, "A Young Team;" M. and Madame Demont-Breton, "Marguerites," and "The Messiah;" M. Flameng, "A Christening, Alsace;" M. Paul Hippolyte Flandrin, "The Conversion of Saint Eustachius;" M. Gervais, "The Three Maries;" M. Gabriel Guay, "The Death of the Oak;" M. Lagarde, "Joan of Arc;" M. Jacquesson de la Chevreuse, "Before the Looking-glass;" M. Kowalsky, "Spring;" M. Laurent-Desrousseaux, "The Sisters' Dispensary;" M. Julien Leblant, "Grandfather;" M. Le Sidaner, "Blessing the Sea;" M. Moreau de Tours, "The Death of Vaneau." MM. Boutigny and Grolleron, scenes of military life; M. Normann, "Norwegian landscapes;" M. Sautai, "The Cloister;" M. Sinibaldi, "Manon Lescaut;" M. Tattegrain, "Seeking for Bait at Daybreak;" M. Tenré, M. Thévenot, and M. Vollon, who is a goldsmith of high degree.

The organizers of this year's Salon have done well in giving a better place than usual to engraving. This art has for some time been making great efforts to obtain recognition and attract interest in its progress. Those engravers who work with the dry point, but combine with the use of the graver some of the methods of mezzotint, lately had an exhibition of their own at the Cercle de la Librairie. Etchers, on the other hand, held a show in the rooms of Durand-Ruel, Rue Lafitte. Both these exhibitions attracted numbers of visitors. France at this day can boast of artists of the highest rank in every branch of engraving; and in a class of work which is too little valued by those in authority, drawing, namely, for the illustration of books and magazines, we have designers of supreme skill. Is it not desirable to afford to both the same encouragement as to those who cultivate other branches of art? There can be no doubt of it. We must not again run the risk of allowing a man of such genius as Gaillard to vanish

from our ken, and then seeing him worthily honored—as he has been at Vienna—without having done for him what it was the duty of France to do.

I must, however, at once explain that though the authorities at the Palais de l'Industrie have reserved some very suitable rooms for the use of our engravers, the exhibitors have not turned them to the best account. They have crowded the works into a limited space, instead of placing more screens in the middle, so as to allow of their giving each print a sufficient space round it. It is really very strange that we cannot learn to profit by the good example set us in foreign galleries.

I may say the same of the display of architectural drawings. When shall we learn to arrange an architectural exhibition which shall attract the public? All that would be needed is to desire the exhibitors to send in portions of works completed, so far as they go, in combination with the decorative accessories furnished by painters, sculptors, and artistic craftsmen. The public would not fail to crowd an exhibition organized on these lines.

SERAI-YARD OF A KHAN (MARKET DAY)

It would be quite superfluous here to enter on a dissertation as to the merits of the French school of sculpture. But one thing cannot be repeated too often, which is that this superiority has been persistent, that even from the eleventh century France has produced almost without interruption works of sculpture of which the genius was long very inadequately recognized.

When, in 1879, I proposed to the Commissioners of Historical Monuments that a collection of sculpture should be shown on the Trocadéro, and when Viollet-le-Duc lent his competent knowledge to promote this scheme—which indeed he himself, with Vitet and Mérimée, had already dreamed of, though unable to realize it—my first object was to reconstitute the history of French art in one of its noblest forms for the benefit of contemporary students; but I also aimed at showing how, at every period, the execution of details had yielded to the requirements of the work conceived of as a whole. The close alliance which ought to subsist between the architect, who is the master of the work, and the artist, who is entrusted with any part of the decoration of a building, a public place or a garden, was formerly preserved by French art with a strictness which contributed greatly to its dignity and power; and it is only in our own day that we find that reign of chaotic independence which has resulted in so vast a number of crude and aimless works. The cathedrals of Chartres, Rouen, Auch, Beauvais, Amiens, and many others, show us what masterpieces this singleness of purpose might give birth to; and, as we study the outcome, we know not which to admire the most, the chief designer or his colleagues, so intimately are they allied in this glorification of the spirit of French art.

French sculpture, like French painting, felt the influence of Italy in the sixteenth century. But our sculptors made a more manful resistance. The masters of the art were not content to stand only on the defensive against the irruption of Italian bad taste. They acted on the offensive. With Jacques d'Angoulême they went to Rome and fought the good fight; and though some

sacrificed to the mythological mania, they were in the minority. The movement which has been evident, these last few years, in sculpture as in everything else, will slowly but surely seal the fate of the epidemic of imitation which broke forth again with renewed vigor at the beginning of the century.

At the present time confusion is paramount. It is, as I have said, the age of chaos. The sculptors who year by year send their works to the exhibitions rarely know to what end they design them. Their compositions are equally well fitted to decorate a gallery or a garden; or to be placed in a private house. The artist's aim is first to win a medal, and then to sell his work. Juries and commissions are appointed whose business it is to afford him these gratifications, or at any rate one or the other. The Juries with due gravity place some scraps of paper in an urn, then they solemnly unfold them, and from this ballot a classification of merit is deduced. The committees walk round with no less dignity, deciding that this or that work must be bought in preference to another; then their purchases are consigned to a depot, whence they are distributed among galleries, public buildings, and squares. It is to this last freak of fortune that we owe the presence in the Tuileries Gardens, for instance, of mismatched pieces of sculpture scattered about the grass-plots at the sweet will of the authorities under successive governments. The result is grotesque; so grotesque that on going to Versailles we are enchanted by the harmonious decoration of the park there, and ready to exclaim that our age is plague-stricken with barbarism, when it is simply suffering under bureaucracy.

Quite lately, when rebuilding the Hôtel de Ville, the architect left niches in the front and ends, intended to contain statues. These statues were ordered at so much a yard, and have been perched in their nooks without any regard to their degree of finish, to the angle of distance, or the requirements of general architectural effect. This is the work of the committees.

GLAZEBROOK

THE EMPEROR

LAON 189.

THE ARCH OF STEEL

Since then the happy thought has been hit upon of putting a great deal of sculpture in the Pantheon after a great deal of painting, by applying to a great many sculptors—as, before, to a great many painters—and it was a matter of surprise when it was found, from an exhibition of clay models, that the pieces of sculpture mismatched as the paintings do. Then one was requested to enlarge, and another to diminish a little.

And yet it would be quite easy to put an end to this state of things. The State or the Towns have only to do as private buyers do; give commissions to be executed on a certain scheme of decoration. We should immediately see our architects and sculptors collaborating; and the yearly exhibitions would show us no longer statues of all work, but compositions designed for the places they were to fill.

To give an example of what might be the outcome of encouraging sculpture on these principles : we have made it our object to collect in the Louvre the masterpieces of French art. Now, what could be more natural than to grace the gardens round and about the Louvre with groups or statues in honor of those who have exercised this art? Why not carry out such a noble scheme of decoration, in no haste, by encouraging the exhibition, year by year, of designs adapted to begin, continue, and complete it? And what I say of the Louvre is equally applicable to any other part of Paris, to the Bois de Boulogne or that of Vincennes.

Long as it might take to carry out such a project, it would be preferable to the system which consists in giving orders without securing any agreement between the artists to whom they are addressed, or in casting hap-hazard, on the grass-plots in our public gardens, various statues which are much amazed to find themselves there, never having dreamed of a higher destiny than to figure on a reduced scale, on the clock of some modest household. I need only advise those who need further enlightenment as to the influence of official patronage on the fine arts, to take

a turn through the corridors of the Opera house, where a colony of busts has been distributed. Some have big heads, some have small ones. It suggests one of the "cock-shy" games to be seen at the fair at Neuilly; and I may add that in point of style some of these works of art are on a level with the dummies on which you are invited to try your skill with an india-rubber ball. But

A. CRESWELL — *Imprudence and Ignorance*

I shall return to this question. For the present, I continue my review of the Salon.

In the Sculpture we must not pass over the Princess of Wales, by the lamented M. Chapu, and his statue of Cardinal de Bonnechose; "Diana," by Falguière, and his bust of M. Paul Dubois; "In Disgrace," a marble group executed by M. Mercié on commission for M. B...r, and a statuette "Diana's Toilet;"

SOAP BUBBLES

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"The infant Mozart," by M. Barrias, which he first cast in bronze, but has now executed in marble for M. Carl Jacobsen of Copenhagen; "Alsace and Lorraine taking refuge at the altar of their Country," by M. Bartholdi, part of a monument erected to Gambetta by the Alsace-Lorrainers, at Ville-d'Avray; "The Eternal Poem," by M. Antonin Carlès, and a bust full of exquisite sentiment also by him; M. Allar's "Joan of Arc," and M. Cordier's General Lasalle.

M. Maurice Ferrary sends a plaster statue of "Phryne." The action is too vehement, but the observation of nature is thorough, and from this point of view this statue invites comment. M. Ferrary is one of the most promising pupils of the French school at Rome. The reader will not have forgotten the works he sent from thence, evidently full of the disturbance which a visit to Rome is apt to produce in a mind ill-prepared by home-teaching to face the sight of such diverse styles as are to be met with in Italy. M. Ferrary came back to Paris hesitating, as others have done before him—Auguier for instance—as to whether he should return to the leading of French art, which insists on a close following of nature, or whether he ought not rather to pursue his course in a line foreign to his own instinctive feeling. M. Ferrary was wise enough to turn Frenchman again. His masters will no doubt blame him for having sacrificed a pretentious manner of presenting his subject to the conscientious study of nature. They will cry aloud on seeing what they will call the deformities of this study of the nude, these worthy gentlemen having been called and enjoined by the grace of God to rectify, improve, and idealize our defective human anatomy. M. Ferrary will, beyond a doubt, be excommunicated; but he may comfort himself with the reflection that he has given us a capital study.

M. Frémiet has executed a statuette of "Saint George" with the fond care of a great artist. M. Gérome exhibits a "Dancing girl," and a "Lion;" M. Guilbert, "Retaliation;" M. Labatut a

statue of Pascal Duprat; M. Lambert, a bust of M. Le Royer, President of the Senate; M. Larche, a pretty group called "The Meadow and the Brook;" M. Marqueste sends a bust of M. Patenôtre; M. Lormier, that of Mademoiselle Yvette Guilbert. M. Auguste Paris has set up at the end of the garden the greater portion of the "Monument to be erected to Danton." Michel Colomb used to say that the first quality of a decorative group was simplicity. M. Puech has a good bust of M. Constans, Minister of the Interior; M. Jules Roche has employed M. Roulleau. M. Stéphan Sinding, a Norwegian, has executed under the title of "Man and Woman" a group intended no doubt for the Society which devotes its attention to the great matter of repopulating the world. M. Fagel sends a very remark able bust of M. Cavelier.

The two last works of Delaplanche are to be seen at the Palais de l'Industrie; and I should blame myself if I omitted to mention MM. Aizelin, Zacharie Astruc, Bernstamm—who sends a capital bust of the Baron de Mohrenheim; M. Boucher, with his large statue, "A la Terre," M. Auguste Cain who has reproduced in bronze the "Eagle" and the "Vultures," which he exhibited in plaster last year; M. Chatrousse, Mademoiselle Amélie Colombier—a bust of M. Paul Deroulède—M. Gustave Crauk—busts of General Segretain and M. Corbon,—M. Croisy, M. Etienne Leroux, M. Henri Cros, M. Delhomme—a statue of Lazare Carnot; M. Denécheau, M. Doublemard, M. Dumilâtre, M. Jacques Froment-Meurice, who sends a graceful bas relief suggested by Mademoiselle Invernizzi; M. Gaudez and M. Gaubert—a bust of my friend and colleague M. Delcasse,—M. Lange Guglielmo, whose portrait of the late Emile Richard is a most striking likeness; M. Hennequin, who has been equally happy in reproducing the features of M. Trélat; M. Houssin, with a plaster bust of Madame Céline Montaland; M. Iselin, with one of M. Tisserand; M. Jacques, a medallion of M. Bianchi; and M. Laoust, a statue called "Music."

M. Agathon Léonard's work is always interesting. M. Marius

HAULING IN THE NET

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Martin exhibits a bronze replica of his group, "After Lessons." M. Gustave Michel's "Remember" lacks emotion. M. Mathurin Moreau has been inspired by "Joan of Arc," and M. Moreau-Vauthier has sent a "Bacchante" of refined execution. I shall have occasion in the course of this review to mention M. Peynot

A BLOCH — *The Francs tireurs*"

and his "Souvenir," with MM. Pézieux, Rolard, Saint-Vidal, Soldi, Steiner, Suchetet, Tourgueneff, and Valton. But I must not postpone speaking a word of praise for M. Bloch's "Martyr," a statue in wood; M. Desca's two busts; M. Pierre Rambaud's Agrippa d'Aubigné, a little marvel of fine and delicate taste; and a monument "*Au petit soldat*" by M. d'Astanières.

II

If at the close of the Salon in the Champs-Élysées a medal is to be awarded, and if the medal is to be bestowed on the artist

whose work is pitched in the loftiest key, I do not think that any one can better deserve it than M. Élie Delaunay. He is one of the most accomplished artists of our day. With praiseworthy conscientiousness he has freed himself from the greater part of the prejudices derived from bad training, and instead of seeking the bubble reputation by facile and clamorous success, he has been faithful to the search after truth, through diligent and quiet study.

The portrait of the Archbishop of Sens, which he exhibits this year, reveals, alike in the draughtsmanship and in the general treatment, a firm determination to give a literal presentment of his model. Scorning all the accessory associations which his erudition might have borrowed from the past, he has painted the plebeian who has risen to the prelacy, preserving in the portrait all the simplicity and awkwardness which characterize the sitter under his pompous vestments.

I would not for the world say anything to hurt the Archbishop of Sens, and indeed it would ill become me. In 1889, when I appealed to my colleagues of the Committee for Ancient Monuments to organize the retrospective exhibition of French art, of which the treasures of our churches formed the most interesting feature, M. Bernadou was one of the prelates who most eagerly seconded our efforts. He indeed, alone of them all, consented to sit on the committee of selection; so I feel deeply grateful to the Archbishop of Sens. He is a man of his time, and marches with it; and I can but compliment M. Delaunay on having so plainly shown it in the fine portrait he has this year exhibited.

M. Henner, with his "Christ" and his "Magdalene," is undoubtedly a powerful painter, no whit behind the painter of "Saint Jérôme;" but I should award the medal, if at all, to M. Élie Delaunay, while regretting that our artists have not long since done some special honor to M. Henner.

I have heard a great deal of admiration expressed for M. Bonnat's

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

M. DE MUNKACSY

THE FAVORITE TENT

"Samson." No one has reaped more laurels—to use a phrase familiar to our grandfathers—nor shown more talent than M. Bonnat. No one has finer taste or exercises better judgment in the choice of the masterpieces he has gathered about him; his collection of drawings is one of the finest to be seen anywhere. But why will not M. Bonnat make up his mind to greater accuracy of form, and to the pursuit of that perfection which made of Ingres an artist of such irreproachable genius? Quite apart from certain obvious criticisms on M. Bonnat's methods, and my own jesting observations on the monotony of his backgrounds, taking his pictures on their own merit, I think M. Bonnat to blame for his lack of severity to himself. He showed us, in his "Saint Vincent de Paul," that he is capable of fine work; why does he not repeat the effort?

When, just now, I used the word irreproachable, I was not thinking of M. Bouguereau, to whom this epithet is commonly applied. I had, last year, the pleasure of spending a whole day at La Rochelle with M. Bouguereau. It was when the President of the Republic was staying in the Aunis. We had remained on the mainland while the President made an excursion to the Ile de Ré. The weather was hot; the shade of the Mall propitious to a long chat.

M. Bouguereau is one of the few men of our day who have a conviction, and he defends it with true eloquence. It is impossible not to esteem a man who is so sure that he is not mistaken. In 1889, I entirely disagreed with M. Bouguereau as to the Fine Arts Exhibitions. M. Bouguereau did not think it necessary that we should make a complete display of the masterpieces of the French school; in short, he regarded the centenary exhibition, which I had proposed in 1885, as useless or even mischievous to the interests of our contemporary artists. He feared that the dead might do harm to the living. Such an opinion could not affect mine, any more than that of the strong majority on my

side in the committee which met in the Rue de Valois, with M. Castagnary in the chair. This committee showed a firm desire to keep up to the mark, and display our school in all its force and splendor. Hence M. Bouguereau was very decidedly put out during the Exhibition of 1889 by the execution of our programme; and he never ceased repeating that if State galleries were for the dead, exhibitions should be devoted to the living. Such an opinion may of course be maintained, but I regret to say that I can never share it, and I still think that our business, in 1889, was to throw light on much which had too long been left in the shade, and to make certain artists known, whom administrative prejudice had chosen to overlook.

I intentionally use the phrase "administrative prejudice," because this is no question of hostile schools. We may at the present time—and it is a matter for gratulation—note divergent tendencies in the advance of the French school; but the time of fierce contentions is past. Strongly asserted dogmas have given way to a very generally diffused strength of purpose, which is bearing our artists, with or against their will, towards breadth of views, and away from narrow-mindedness. The Académie des Beaux-Arts is now nothing but an assembly of men gathered together from all the points of the compass, and incapable of formulating a common opinion. It strives to connect certain traditions with a system of teaching which contradicts them, and the inevitable result is that this system plays them false at every step, and is reduced to representing mere ill-feeling against the phenomena which it can neither guide nor hinder. Its only refuge is to take shelter behind the wreck of administrative prejudice as a sort of barricade against offensive innovation.

In 1881, when I was anxious to introduce certain reforms into the organization of the School of Fine Arts—reforms of which no one can doubt the utility—I met with this spirit in some of the members of the council of the school. They deemed it impos-

V. GILBERT

THE DINNER HOUR (PARIS)

sible that any school of art should be conceived of, superior to what this had been at its origin; that is to say an open Academy, combining all the elements of instruction, provided with professors to teach all that can be taught, and unburdened by any attempt to teach what cannot in fact be taught. All who could remember the valuable advice which of old was lavished in the school by the constant change in rotation of the professors, were of my

opinion; but the majority whom I could convince formed an opposition when the government changed hands, and to this day at the École des Beaux-Arts they pursue a chimera, attempting to turn out painters, sculptors, and architects wholesale, instead of endeavoring to resuscitate the elements of real strength which were formerly the result of the variety of good counsel.

As we make the round of the Salon in the Champs-Élysées we perceive more clearly than anywhere else the disastrous influence by which the uniform method of training in favor at the École

des Beaux-Arts and its branches, engenders commonplace work, bereft of interest. Most of the exhibitors have there acquired what might be termed the flow of speech, but they express themselves in a language which touches only the surface of things. In some the effort to please deprives them of the very faculty of thought. It is well, no doubt, to examine and study what was done before our day; but to gather the fruit of these studies and benefit by what we have seen, reflection is needed. It has been said with truth that it is the great book of nature which teaches the use of other books, and which alone can transform a learned man into a true master of his learning.

In spite of popular opinion it is not an easy thing to set up for a critic. It is to expose oneself to the risk of nettling vanity and dashing hopes; still we must never weary of reiterating to those who have talent enough to aspire to true glory, that they are losing time when they strive for ephemeral success. When we find an artist so fully equipped for the struggle as M. Axilette, for instance, to mention one of those exhibitors at the Champs-Élysées who are most familiar with the resources of technique, it is a duty to tell him that we expect something better from him than his picture of "Summer." I am very ready to acknowledge that "A Young Team," by M. Debat-Ponsan, is a highly commendable composition; that "Flowers in Spring," by M. Franc Lamy, and "The Huns," by M. Checa, are far from being commonplace; still, after last year's Salon, we expected to find that MM. Debat-Ponsan, Lamy, and Checa had got further in the form of art they have chosen, and not to see them merely re-editing their earlier works with a weaker touch on the note which lent them charm. M. Le Blant's "Grandfather" again, in spite of many fine qualities, will not add to the fame of the painter of the "Chouans." On the other hand, M. Laurent-Desrousseaux in "The Sisters' Dispensary," M. W. Gay in "Choir-practice," and M. Jean Geoffroy in "A Night Shelter," have been

JACQUES WAGREZ

FRANCE

SURVIVORS OF NAPOLEON'S ARMY

happily inspired, in the same class of subject as Mademoiselle Heyermans. I must not omit to dwell more particularly on the interesting qualities of M. Lagarde's "Joan of Arc." M. Lagarde stands out amid the artists of the day, with a very marked individuality which has already won him a foremost place of honor in our modern school. It is much to be regretted that M. Lagarde has never been commissioned to carry out a general scheme of decoration in one of our public buildings; he would do it admirably.

When speaking of landscape painting, I did not say all that may justly be said in praise of M. Petitjean's works. They are already very numerous. In every exhibition we find some studies of his, all revealing genuine respect for the thing seen. "Verdun; Evening," which he exhibits this year, gives him a place apart, and "The Sandhills of Rosendael" shows how versatile is his talent.

Foremost among the men of our time M. Jules Breton is to be styled happy. M. Breton is a painter and a poet : he is moreover in his own family the head of a tribe of painters and poets. Success comes to him and his as a friend of the family. Now, will M. Jules Breton allow me to remind him that we owe our guests all the more consideration if they make it their pleasure to visit us, and that the "Pardon at Kergoat," in which the same type of head recurs too frequently, would have been the better for more painstaking observation. If, again, M. Demont's "Marguerites" breathed a less heavy atmosphere they would bloom better, and Madame Demont-Breton is losing sight of that frank and simple brushwork which gave peculiar charm to her earlier work. M. François Flameng, too, is among the favorites of fortune. He treats all subjects with equal success. The very genuine individuality of his talent suffers conspicuously by this dispersion. It is the fashion to blame artists like M. Henner for perpetually repeating the same thing; but this reproach is all the more unjust because

a painter can only attain mastery in his art on condition of undertaking nothing which is not precisely in sympathy with his gifts and talent. If we examine the works of the greatest painters—of Velasquez or Rembrandt—we discern that, great as is the variety of subjects they have treated, their work as a whole emanates from a personal conception, from an individual manner of seeing, interpreting, and expressing things. The desire to be everything at once commonly weakens this stamp of individuality, in spite of the most admirable qualities. M. François Flameng will do well to ponder the precept of Horace that it is needful to cultivate our individual manner of expression, and that it is better to polish and perfect this manner than to borrow a style of language which, being unfamiliar, does not fitly express our genius. M. Jules Lefebvre, who is a persistent student, appreciates the value of this precept. The merits of his "Huntress Nymph" may be open to dispute; but what is beyond question is that in all M. Jules Lefebvre's work there is a selectness of form which must win the sympathies of all who respect a lofty ambition. Not, indeed, that M. Benjamin Constant has not an equally ardent devotion to his art. He has given proof, and brilliant proof of the fact; but he too has yielded to the desire for multiform expression of his talent, and although his portraits this year have preserved many of the fine qualities of his former works, they do not keep up the impression which was produced by the same painter's work at the Champ de Mars in 1889, an impression of depth and lucidity which were particularly conspicuous in his very remarkable picture called "A Thirsty Land:"

Have I yet mentioned the "Rolling Mill" of M. Bordes? If not, I hereby repair the omission; the picture is finely conceived. A small picture, full of charm, is "A Summer Evening" by M. Van der Weyden. I must also note in passing a very firmly painted study by Mademoiselle Porgès, "A Strong Will;" and the exhibits sent by M. Léenhardt and M. Thévenot. M. de Vuille-

A VOLLON

ALL FOR COLUMBINE

ALBUM DE 1891

E WEEK

THREE BEGGARS (CONTINUED)

froy follows up his former successes. M. Pasini is delightful. "The Marriage of Bedreddin Hassan," by M. Cormon, is amusing and fanciful. "The Death of Vaneau," by M. Moreau de Tours, is a well-arranged scene, full of the stress of reality. Mr. Weeks' "Three Beggars of Cordova" are full of dignity.

Just as I was finishing my study of this portion of the Salon

MI[illegible]SA *Nuns at Communion*

of the Champs-Élysées, the medals were being awarded. The first prize for painting was withheld; in sculpture it was won by M. Boucher, with his group "*A la Terre.*"

M. Boucher's work is noteworthy as a study of the nude. He had already taken his place among the foremost in the race. His brethren have done him honor, and very rightly.

Very rightly, I say, since the system of rewards is recognized. And notwithstanding every attempt to suppress it, the system will probably survive a long time to come; as long as vanity holds its own in human affairs. And yet, there is certainly something absurd in the spectacle of men, often past middle age, coming

up to a platform to receive a diploma certifying their merit; however, our manners and customs have taught us to regard it as natural, and the most independent spirits, with very rare exceptions, are not content to forego the privilege.

Among the prizes awarded by the Jury of the Champs-Élysées I must more particularly mention one, because, granting the system, it afforded me great satisfaction. This is the first-class medal bestowed on a young fellow-townsman and friend, M. Barbaud, an architect. He exhibits a design for the restoration of the château of Bressuire : *Castrum quod vocatur Berzoriacum.* M. Barbaud is a follower of the salutary movement which dates from the end of the last century and has led our noblest artists to study and do homage due to the masterpieces of French architecture. During a long period, from an excess of modesty and an overfond devotion to everything introduced from abroad, we had scorned the prodigiously fine works to which the lucidity and sense of proportion inherent in our nation had given birth. It was not till the Revolution, in the universal stir, ran up against the monuments of the elder civilization, that we learnt to admire them. At that time, happily, some patriotic souls were found to promulgate the first protective edict which saved our treasures of national art; and a man rose up, Alexandre Lenoir, who, with their help, was enabled to group most of these threatened possessions and protect them from the dangers of the struggle. For the first time, monuments of French antiquity found mention in the catalogue of a museum. The prevailing tendency of the time, to copy, as far as possible, the Republics of antiquity in their artistic expression, for a long while hindered due attention being paid to our national inheritance, and a rivalry ere long arose between those who refused any teaching but what came from outside our frontiers, and those others, who, on the contrary, believed that we ought to be faithful to our French traditions. The struggle is not less eager and vehement now than in the first days of

ARRIVING FROM A FAIR

battle; but the reverence for French art has grown and spread, and we are beginning to acknowledge that no age has been more calumniated, nor merits greater admiration, than the wonderful thirteenth century in its splendid bloom. The diplomatic architects of the old Græco-Roman school may adopt every subterfuge to disguise their defeat; the upholders of French tradition may, on the

other hand, make every superficial concession to arrive at a conciliation; the fact remains notwithstanding. If we aim at discovering a genuine modern type, by which I mean a practical style for the arrangement of our dwellings, we must look for it to our own past works and not to the hypothetical restoration of buildings equally unsuited to our manners and our climate. We are going through a period of transition, which is disturbing, no doubt, to those who are easily disturbed. On this, as on many other

subjects, we must finally take a side. We must make up our minds to establish a complete and thorough course of teaching, and give up the idea of engrafting on the education provided by the École des Beaux-Arts doctrines which are not accepted there. At the time when the French bench was strongly tinged with monarchical ideas, a statesman was asked to assist in getting a republican judge appointed. "Of what use will that be?" said he. "My cook pours a bottle of good wine into the vinegar barrel every morning. She turns the tap, and nothing ever comes out but vinegar. Reform the judicial body and you will do a good work; but do not dream that the appointment of a republican judge as a colleague with monarchists can affect the character of the whole institution."

When we made a collection of casts at the Trocadéro, we aimed not only at making known the admirable and unbroken series of French artistic work; we distinctly intended it as a center of instruction, the starting-point of a new and necessary scheme of education. And when we see young architects like M. Raymond Barbaud abandoning the portico and the colonnade in favor of that art which is the pride and glory of our race, we applaud the movement which is carrying us away, thank Heaven! from the intolerable commonplace which lies at the foundation of official teaching.

As I have already said, the task to which we must make up our minds is a real exhibition of architectural work, displaying to the public not merely sets of plans, sections, and elevations in water-color attractive to the eye; but portions of executed work. It is high time that the architect should show his readiness to resume his place and part as master-clerk of the works, and that, by securing the co-operation of every class of artistic work which can contribute to the completeness and general aspect of his composition, he should exhibit such masses as may give a notion of the whole effect he intends to produce.

CALLING CATTLE HOME

It is only by proving themselves capable of such directing that they will recover their due position as directors.

What an amazing show we might have made in 1889, if, merely by means of casts, we had reconstructed some of our buildings of the middle ages and Renaissance, wherein everything is conceived of in such admirable proportion, and wrought with such perfect balance!

Some days after the distribution of medals at the Champs-Élysées, the Council of Fine Arts met, with the Minister in the chair, and awarded the prizes granted by the State in the form of traveling scholarships. M. Gervais took the first, or Salon prize, competing with M. Chigot and M. Henri Martin. I have already said how highly I think of M. Henri Martin and of his picture, "Every man has his Chimera." The future will show whether this artist will fulfill his promise. M. Chigot, one of the Étaples colony of artists, has exhibited a large canvas called "Lost at Sea," full of dramatic purpose and of very thorough, though rather heavy, workmanship. M. Chigot has won many honors since 1886; his talent may or may not be universally acceptable, but he will now certainly not alter his style. From this standpoint the Council no doubt did well when, at the third ballot, they gave the preference to M. Gervais, who will gain more from the advantages offered by the first traveling scholarship, known as the prize of the Salon. M. Gervais' picture has for title "The Three Holy Maries;" the catalogue informs us that, "being cast almost naked into an empty boat, they were brought by a miracle to the shores of Provence." Three women in a boat cast upon the strand have afforded the artist various subtle delicate variations on that eternal and beautiful theme, the nude. We might, perhaps, wish that these three young persons had been less ready to assume graceful attitudes; but it cannot be denied that they have given occasion to a highly remarkable study of the figure. We find in all the rooms of the Salon at the Champs-Élysées very few things so well

painted as M. Gervais' "Three Maries." M. Laurent-Desrousseaux also competed for the first prize. He found no supporters, nor must he be surprised. "The Sisters' Dispensary," with all the brilliant qualities which make it one of the most interesting pictures of the exhibition, is not on a level with the work which M. Laurent-Desrousseaux sent last year. The Council, no doubt, had retained a memory of their impression of it, and were unwilling to vote for this artist.

The three other traveling scholarships awarded for painting were granted to MM. Le Sidaner, Orange, and A. Boyé. M. Le Sidaner has sent "Blessing the Sea," a pretty picture arranged with great simplicity. M. Orange is a careful and delicate painter, affecting domestic scenes. M. A. Boyé shows fine and serious quality in his study of a woman's back, which he calls "Twilight."

M. Louis Schryver, with his "End of a Dream," deserved encouragement, and it is no less to be regretted that the same premium could not be bestowed on M. Franzini d'Issoncourt, whose fine portrait of a lady I have already mentioned; on M. Bellet, who is full of promise; on M. Chalon, who treads in the footsteps of M. Rochegrosse; on M. Charles Bitte, for his "Delilah;" on M. Léandre, whose picture is simple and pathetic; on M. Darien, a portrait painter; on M. Deully, for his "Venus wounded;" on M. Weiss, who sends two very good pictures; and on M. Chartier, the painter of "The Last Thought."

In sculpture, M. Holweck obtained a traveling scholarship on the first ballot. M. Holweck is represented at the Champs-Élysées by two groups; one in plaster, "A Vestal Virgin led to Execution," and one in bronze, "Wine." Both of these compositions show genuine and successful effort. Encouragement expects a return; M. Holweck has received at the hands of the Council the most flattering distinction they can confer. We shall look next year for some work of well characterized individuality. I should have been glad to see M. Saulo achieve the same success. His figure,

I know, has many shortcomings, and is in various points carelessly modeled, but it has a thoroughly French feeling, and on that ground might have found special favor in the eyes of the Council. For the third scholarship, Mademoiselle Itasse triumphed over M. Bloch, who exhibits a vigorous figure carved in wood; over M. Anglade, who betrays a strong infusion of M. Falguière's

CH MOREAU — *Reading to the old Folks*

taste and style; over M. d'Houdain, whose "Faun" and "Diana" are of exceptional merit; over M. Theunissen, with his group "During a Strike." Mademoiselle Itasse seems to have adopted both in her "Egyptian Harper" and "Young Dancing Girl," a method which is not devoid of charm, but which, if she regards it as final, will cut short all the hopes for which her very genuine talents give good grounds.

I have heard it said that the exhibition of sculpture at the Champs-Élysées is below the mark of former years. It is—and it is not. There are fewer works to captivate the attention, but good work is very generally displayed. We should be glad indeed to see frankly bad work if only it were frankly original, and allowed us to discern, behind the errors inseparable from daring, any real and spontaneous feeling. The French school of sculpture must be on its guard. Canova is lurking very near.

I felt, I must own, a pang of disappointment when I saw that M. Raymond Barbaud, of whom I have spoken, had failed to win one of the scholarships for architecture. The only thing that comforts me is the certainty that this failure will not damp his ardor, that his faith will be none the less fervent, and that in next year's Salon, we shall see another fine study on the lines of our French monuments.

It is indeed a terrible and really terrifying task to try to open up a new road side by side with beaten tracks. There is another fellow-townsman of mine, who in another line of art—to wit musical composition—is fast collecting a strong force of adversaries against a few enthusiastic friends. I mean Bruneau, the composer of the music to *Le Rêve*. Really, very hard measure is dealt in our day. As soon as a young man appears, he is unfavorably compared with the most famous, and reproached for not leaving them at once far behind.

It had, however, always been part of the programme at the Salon, to open wide its doors to young artists, and admit attempts in new directions, at the risk of accepting a vast number of pictures, and among them many incompetent works. This year the Salon of the Champs-Élysées has broken with this tradition. A sterner rigor has been exercised; and if this course of restricted admission is persevered in, we shall have there, as we had in the Champ de Mars, a select display and not a mere annual show. The constant recurrence of exhibitions at Paris has lately been

WATELIN

SPRING PASTURE

arraigned for judgment, and that à propos of a venerable institution far enough from Paris. This is how the strange incident came about.

Twelve months ago, in the course of a report which I drew up on the budget of the Académie des Beaux-Arts for the present year, I called attention to the antiquated code of regulations and the obsolete system now prevailing in the French School at Rome. The Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, taking up the opinions I had expressed, made those criticisms the subject of a letter to the Académie des Beaux-Arts. The authorities, as a matter of course, were prompt to reply that they saw nothing to alter in the management of the French School at Rome.

A year elapsed. At the end of that year the Minister, having summoned a meeting of the Council of the Beaux-Arts in order to submit to it various questions, and among others one bearing on the possibility of modifying the practice of the French School at Rome, a sub-committee, formed for the most part of members of the Institute, was appointed to inquire into the matter. This sub-committee have just issued their report, in which we read, with no small surprise, a statement to the effect that if the scholars at the Villa Medicis are unstable, restless, inattentive, and little apt to give their minds to the contemplation of the masterpieces among which they live, it is by reason of the recurrent exhibitions at Paris.

For my part, when I had the honor of being examined before this sub-committee, I expressed various observations which must strike the mind of everyone. I said that, at the time when the French School at Rome was first established, Italy had been the only country where there were already artistic centers; that since then collections and galleries had been formed in many other parts of Europe; that archæological commissions and investigations had considerably widened the circle of our knowledge; that if there were a change to be wished, it was that the number of such

colleges of art as the Villa Medicis might be greatly multiplied; and that, meanwhile, it was indispensable that those scholars who were painters or sculptors should be allowed, under the responsible authority of the Director, to quit Italy in order to visit foreign galleries; the architectural students to go further than Sicily, and study Byzantine Architecture, let us say, in Turkey, or travel through France to gain a knowledge of our national artistic traditions.

I was far from expecting to see the frequency of the Paris Exhibitions accused of ill-effects. I was so far indeed from any such conclusion, that I fancied it easy to prove that the more we see the more skilled must the eye become, and that if the Roman students have eyes too weak to endure the variety of shows, we can only blame the course of teaching which makes them so feeble.

So, without complaining for my part of the frequency of our exhibitions, I will go on to discuss that of the National Fine Art Society, now at the Champ de Mars. Before proceeding thither, however, I must not neglect to mention the prizes awarded by the Jury of the Champs-Élysées in the form of medals and "honorable mentions" to the exhibitors there this year. Second-class medals were granted in painting to M. Gervais, who gained the first prize a few days later; to M. Axilette for his picture of "Summer," already mentioned; to M. Marius Roy, one of our best painters of military subjects; to M. Bourgonnier, the painter of "Temptation;" to M. Chevallier Tayler, who has come to the front with his "Last Communion;" and to M. Duffaud, for his "Death of Ourrias."

The last mentioned work is one of the most vigorous pieces of painting to be found this year in the exhibition at the Champs-Élysées. Parts of it are treated with real mastery, and the painter has derived deep inspiration from one of the most tragical episodes of Mistral's fine poem.

THE YOUNG TEAM

M. Emile Isembart is a landscape painter of high promise. M. Léandre has depicted a touching scene in a very admirable manner. MM. Thévenot and Quignon are born artists. M. Ernest Baillet is a worthy follower of his master, M. Pelouze. These eleven second-class medals are the highest prizes awarded by the jury, the first medal for painting having been withheld. The Jury supplemented these eleven medals by thirty-four third-class prizes, and forty-one "honorable mentions." As recipients of third-class prizes, we find MM. Le Sidaner and Orange, who received traveling scholarships; M. Abel Boyé, who took a prize in 1888; and some of the more remarkable painters in this year's Salon: MM. James Guthrie, Dessar, Brangwyn, Van der Weyden, Kowalsky, Franzini d'Issoncourt, Salgado, Schultzberg; and they are all names to be kept in mind. Among the "honorably mentioned" we find Mademoiselle Heyermans; Mademoiselle Camille Langlois, whose portrait of a little girl is full of delicate feeling; M. Charles Duvent, M. Paul-Albert Laurens, M. Henry Tenré, Mr. Longstaff, Mrs. Wentworth, and M. de Burggraf.

In the section for sculpture two first-class prizes were awarded to M. Antoine-Joseph Gardet and M. Édouard Pépin. The former exhibits the "Infant Christ asleep," the second sends "The Yoke," an allegorical group. MM. Lami, Boutellier, Mac-Monnies, André d'Houdain, Hercule and Boutry gained second prizes; and in the class of engraving medals and gems, second-class prizes were also awarded to Mademoiselle Lancelot, who had previously won a traveling scholarship; and to M. Gaulard, who exhibits two bronze medals.

Mademoiselle Marcelle Lancelot has a future before her; she shows marked progress every year. But why has M. Saulo been deemed unworthy of a second-class medal? That, perhaps, it is useless to ask, many selections being quite as inexplicable as this ill-judged oversight.

I have already said that we have every reason to congratulate

the Jury at the Champs-Élysées on having chosen M. Barbaud for a first prize in architecture.

The fact is all the more noteworthy, because in our day we see a conspicuous tendency to indifference to architecture. Architecture is held in light esteem, which does not at all mean that we get it cheap; on the contrary. As we travel through this

OLIVIE. *A Pipe of Tobacco.*

beautiful land of France, we are amazed at every turn by the variety of our buildings, and the originality of each. It is only since the excessive centralization by Government of the management of matters which most need variety, that we have suffered from that desperate uniformity which even extends to the minds of private individuals. These, in fact, ought to have been capable of a sound resistance to the monotony which taints every specimen

A CLEARING, LAKE HENDRICKS, INDIANA

of modern building. Not they! When they build, whether in town or in the country, their highest effort is to clothe themselves in some already familiar style. In Poitou, at the time of the Renaissance, one d'Estissac created a type of houses. Nowadays an Estissac would go to some fashionable architect, and order his house from a pattern-plate. Old furniture dealers would do the rest; and when it happens to be impossible to introduce mouldings and decorations in the fashion of Louis XIV, Louis XV, or Louis XVI, modern work is ingeniously adapted to the taste of the past, so that, in the matter of public and private buildings alike, France has become just such a collection of copies as M. Thiers fondly dreamed of forming of pictures and of sculpture.

Only our engineers, carrying us back to an iron age, have succeeded in introducing an element of novelty into the aspect of things; and in spite of the crudity of their elementary designs, we are reduced to wondering whether these are not preferable to those attempts at Art—so-called—of which we are every day the dejected victims.

Yet we must not allow ourselves to be too much distressed by this invasion of official architecture.

We have already architects to the Government; these gentlemen have lately demanded the exclusive right to certain public works—the priesthood of their profession. When shall we have painters or sculptors to the Government? The time, perhaps, is not far off.

In the section of engraving the prizes have been distributed with great lavishness. Three first-class, three second-class, and seven third-class prizes and sixteen "honorable mentions" have been awarded by a most liberal Jury.

I have already said that, for some time past, there has been a marked tendency to re-instate the graver. The admirers of line and stipple have found a crowd of supporters, and they have

applied to Government for special encouragement, in the shape, let us say, of commissions with a view to add to the collections of prints in the Louvre.

Line engraving is a most interesting form of reproduction. It deserves encouragement, and the public authorities will certainly not grudge it. But I cannot forbear from making an appeal to the Society of Line Engravers, as to the necessity for preserving it free from any admixture of other methods; and, in the second place, as to the importance of studying the quality of the paper used for printing off engravings generally, whether line engravings or etchings.

A BOUCHER

A LA TERRE

SALON DE 1891

SOCIETE NATIONALE DES BEAUX-ARTS

PAINTING

THE Exhibition in the Champ de Mars is less crowded than that in the Champs-Élysées. The pictures are hung in the four galleries on the first floor of the Palais des Beaux-Arts, the long perspective being very happily broken by groups of columns which interrupt the dull straight line. Some canvases of large size have been hung on the walls of the great central staircase, and the two rooms which in 1889 contained the greater part of the centenary exhibition, have been used for the display of works of decorative art. Engravings, drawings, pastels and water-colors fill the rooms on the side looking out on the Eiffel Tower. On

the ground floor, where the foreign sections were installed in 1889, the dividing walls have been cleared away, and a sort of conservatory has been arranged as a background for the sculpture; but in this branch of art there are but few exhibitors.

The National Society of Fine Art, under whose auspices this exhibition is opened, was founded only in 1890, with Meissonier for its president. In consequence of a disagreement among the members of the Society of French Artists, à propos of their recognition of the adjudication of medals by the Jury of the Exhibition of 1889, various members of the Society withdrew, after a violent discussion in which Meissonier, as having been the president of that Jury, was very sharply attacked, while the consequent voting showed an enormous majority on the side of those who refused to grant any privileges to the recipients of prizes at the hands of the Jury of the Universal Exhibition.

At this juncture the Superior Council of the Beaux-Arts, which in 1881 had originated the idea of an open Salon and the establishment of the Society of French Artists, might have stepped in as a pacificator. The Council, however, did not meet, and the administration, whose duty it was not to allow the validity of their awards of the previous year to be disputed, cherished the hope that the projected new Society would fail to be constituted, that it would also have some difficulty in finding a place where its exhibitions might be held, and that it would meet with no support from artists, since it would enjoy no State encouragement and did not propose to offer any form of rewards. So the administration frankly took part with the Society of French Artists, forgetting that this Society had in the first instance only been founded on condition of being universally representative of all artists.

I, on my part, was eagerly accused of having encouraged and taken a side in this division. This is not accurate. But it is perfectly accurate to say that an act of mine was the first cause of the dispute; and this is how it came about.

WASHERWOMEN ON THE MARNE

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

POTTERY

PORCELAIN

CARTOONS PAINTED FOR THE MUSEUM OF CHAMBERY

In 1889, after arranging the exhibitions of Fine Arts on a plan previously submitted to, and approved by the minister, I proposed the appointment of a jury selected with absolute impartiality. Meissonier directed their proceedings with zeal and tact, and at the same time with a decisiveness to which every one did honor, save only those who found cause for complaint in the decisions. The secret of satisfying everybody has not yet been discovered. The majority of the Society of French Artists, seeking a pretext for refusing the privilege of exemption (from the approval of the Jury of the annual Salons) to those who were awarded prizes, found it in the large number of these awards, and the consequent difficulty for young artists in finding room where so many "exempts" had a right to cover the walls year by year. It was at bottom simply an excuse to cover their annoyance at not having been allowed absolute control of the department of Fine Arts in the Exhibition of 1889. It was a way of reflecting on the Minister of Fine Arts for having permitted these arrangements to be made on the plan which was actually adopted. The brilliancy and success of that exhibition was beyond dispute; so

the attack was made on its alleged ill effects on young artists, whose rights were in no way infringed, but whose cause the larger part of the Society of French Artists thought it would serve their own ends to take up.

I have since heard, in the course of several conversations, especially with M. Bailly, that after the squabble, the dissident members refused to recognize the authority of the Council of the Beaux-Arts or submit to its ruling. This, however, was no good reason why the Council should not meet and express its opinion after a thorough discussion of the case, thus shielding the minister's personal responsibility.

At the present time the breach is all the more conspicuous in consequence of the success achieved last year by the National Society of Fine Arts, and it is more difficult than ever to reconcile parties which, each on its own side, have made no small sacrifices to secure the future prosperity of their exhibitions. It is vain to say that the Salon of the Champs-Élysées is the only genuine, original, and time-honored Salon. It is none the less certain that the public make their way to each; nay, that they congratulate themselves on the improvements to which competition has given rise, and have completely forgotten the grievances put forward by this party and that; grievances which indeed can never have troubled them much.

After this brief explanation, I may be allowed to say, without being suspected of prejudice, but simply as a statement of fact, that the impression we receive, as we walk through the rooms of the exhibition in the Champ de Mars, is that progress is far more marked there than at the Champs-Élysées; and by progress I mean the spirit of enterprise.

M. Puvis de Chavannes is the president of the National Society of French Artists. He is one of those painters who will leave a strong mark on this now waning century. If the judgment of men were undisturbed by considerations quite foreign to the

RECRUITING SERGEANT

[illegible]

AN INTERRUPTED MEAL

question to be decided, there would be but one voice to proclaim that it has been M. Puvis de Chavannes' great merit to restore to French art that decorative stamp and style which, at a past period, it possessed in the very highest degree. This aim was conspicuous even in his earliest efforts. I remember an exhibition which the painter of the "Legend of Sainte Geneviève" once organized on the first floor of the "Bazar Bonne-Nouvelle," so long ago, if I mistake not, as 1854. The public did not rush; but the few who were bold enough to venture in, laughed very heartily at M. Puvis de Chavannes' pictures. The press was ill-natured. I could mention one art critic who afterwards swelled the small number of his first admirers, and who, in those early days, was merciless.

"Summer," exhibited this year by M. Puvis de Chavannes at the Champ de Mars, and painted for the Hôtel de Ville, is one of his finest compositions. The conception of the work, the soberness of detail, and the simplicity of its arrangement make it a very striking work. Whether from a distance or near at hand the impression is unmistakable; you feel as if you had seen this very glade again and again; you wonder where. Nowhere; but it is the sum-total of every such scene on a hot summer's day. The captious may, no doubt, find fault with the anatomy of some of the figures, but incorrectness of detail is lost in the dignity of the whole work.

The chief supporters of the Society, besides M. Puvis de Chavannes, are MM. Roll, Duez, and Gervex. M. Roll, devoting himself to the commission given him to paint the festival of the centenary of the first meeting of the States General, exhibits a series of studies. The portrait of Admiral Krantz is a fine work; the stamp is singular and full of individuality. The likenesses of M. et Madame Thaulow are worthy of the many fine portraits we already know by M. Roll, and his studies of the nude are brilliant in color.

M. Duez sends a portrait of the Archbishop of Lyons, in which he has dealt with the strong red of the Cardinal's dress with equal courage and success.

M. Gervex exhibits the ceiling he has painted for the Hôtel de Ville, in which he has combined a scene of modern life with a reminiscence of the last century. This contrast of the past and present, of a dream and reality, is remarkably delicate in feeling.

In this room, of which M. Gervex's ceiling occupies the end, we find on the right hand side two portraits by M. Gandara, who also exhibits a study of refined quality in the gallery of pastels. M. Gandara is evidently under the influence of Mr. Whistler, whose portrait of a lady, and "View of the Port of Valparaiso," a little further on, are perfect masterpieces. Still, M. Gandara retains his individuality in his refined scale of tone. M. Errazuriz may be termed a trustworthy chronometer. He notes the hour of every one of his open air studies with unfailing accuracy. It is impossible to be mistaken, and it is a delight to pass from the high noon of his cliff view to the softer hour when an equable light is diffused over the meadows, while the lingering sunbeams gild the tree-tops. Is the shadow cast by the posts of a fence so violent as M. Osterlind seems to see it? We may be permitted to doubt it.

We have long known M. Edelfelt for a man open to the most dissimilar impressions; but he has never yet given us, in one and the same exhibition, works pitched in so many different keys. May I say that his small landscape-study, with mountains in the distance, sharp against the sky, is the one I prefer? Yes; and for the reason that the artist has here given us his first spontaneous impression, with no intentional picture-making. By this rule, it may be asked, what use is there in worrying over a work? It is enough, then, to send for exhibition a mere first sketch, redolent of the initial impulse. But without

MUSIC

laying down any law or dogma on this point, it is certain that when once expression has been found for a true thought, it is well to beware of thinning it out by useless or superfluous subtleties. For this reason the little portrait of Madame Lazare Weiller, by M. Jarraud, is, in its simplicity, an enchanting vision; while

HERNANI — *Pastoral pastures.*

M. Lerolle, whose really great talents I have always admired, has done too much to his picture, "The Flight of the Virgin," and overwrought the elegance of the composition. Again, what a difference between Mr. Moore's small study of the sea and his larger picture! The sketch is from life. In the second he has lost the original note of truth. To increase the power of a first study, which, in the sketch state, has come out with all the force of contrast and relations of tone, by endeavoring to add to the intensity of its reality, is, I admit, most difficult. More

than one artist is wrecked in the attempt. M. Dannat is one of those who have succeeded. His "Smoker" is thoroughly worked up and yet preserves the effect of an impulsive inspiration, and there is no fault to be found with the picture of Spanish women reading by the light of a lantern. Nay, I am wrong; it lacks perhaps the mellowing hand of time to soften down certain harsh touches, and to strengthen some effects which at present seem a little weak.

Mr. James is master of the resources of a pleasing technique employed in the service of a well-trained eye. M. Goeneutte is one of the race of great draughtsmen born; any one who, from his very first etching, predicted his future mastery, was no prophet, but simply a judge on the evidence of facts. Does M. Grivot's "Lady at the Piano" strike us as a very eccentric piece of work, as it has been the fashion to call it? By no means. It has all the qualities of firm and learned painting, which those who are most critical will perhaps ere long discern to be remarkable. It is always well to be on one's guard against the first impression of a work of art. How many things we admired yesterday which to-day seem quite trivial, and how many works which we then contemned now hold their place in the first rank!

I will here diverge into another room to discuss the pictures exhibited by M. Dagnan-Bouveret. This gentleman has been for some years engaged on large picture called "The Conscripts." Some country youths have just drawn the lots. They are now marching through the village street, led by an old soldier beating the drum, and by a boy of fifteen carrying the tricolor flag. A woman with a child in her arms stands in a doorway watching them pass. Each conscript is of a carefully studied type. The composition is worked out according to a simple formula : place a high light in the centre of the picture, in contrast with the sober tone of the rest, but yet so as not to attract exclusive attention to this high light. To my eyes the picture called "The Conscripts" is a master-

DAGNAN-BOUVERET

THE MUSCHIETS

piece, because the idea which suggested it is quite clearly expressed. The means employed are no concern of mine. All I ask of a work is a sense of art, and nothing else. The State did not purchase M. Dagnan-Bouveret's work, as it might have done a few months ago. The picture is to go to America.

Some twenty years hence a minister will apply, hat in hand, to the Chambers, craving a large sum to purchase this work, when some turn of fortune has brought it into the market.

The Chambers will probably hesitate; perhaps refuse. Then they will be called Bœotians or what not. Meanwhile the authorities will continue purchasing, through the medium of a Board of commissioners, the commonplace efforts of popular art. Our curators will treasure these precious possessions, and those who visit our galleries will still wonder, as they do now, at finding no representative works of French art but a few which we owe to some rare stroke of good luck, or to the liberality or bequests of collectors of sound taste.

This important matter was being discussed the other day before the Budget Committee, and the question was asked : How it was possible to insure a more judicious outlay of the sum granted every year by the French tax-payers, for the purchase of works of art?

The commissioners passed a resolution to suspend the credit account on that item until a better system of outlay should be guaranteed.

I myself know of one only; namely, that the Government should leave the matter entirely in the hands of men of acknowledged competence.

In England, and in other countries, the management of public collections is left to executive committees, the members of which do the State good service day after day by giving it the benefit of their learning, and in many instances the support of their liberality.

Without going into the question as to how such managing com-

mittees might be constituted in France, there can be no doubt that if MM. Lacaze, Walferdin, Mareille, Piot, His de la Salle, Timbal, Chennevières and others, had been invited to assist in the management of our galleries, the Bolognese School would long since have found their way back into the attics, to make room

W. MARTENS—*Among the Sandhills*

for masterpieces whose absence we regret, or which are lamentably ill-hung.

I only hope that the Minister of Public Instruction will be of the same opinion, and that we may at last, ere long see the authorities lay out our money with better judgment.

To return to the picture of "The Conscripts," it is possible perhaps to criticise an elaboration of handling which reminds us

A BINET

A RAILWAY STATION

CAROLUS DURAN

THE BARON DE MENE BILLETTE

CAROLUS DURAN

of the workmanship—in itself very beautiful—of the French pre-Raphaelite school; but it is not the less individual, captivating, well thought out, and eloquently expressed.

By the side of this work, M. Dagnan-Bouveret exhibits a study full of subtle and delicate feeling, evidently undertaken with the object of rendering the movement of the atmosphere. It has often been said of the influence exerted by Manet over contemporary painting that he "cleaned our painters' palettes." He did more than this; he suggested and imparted to our artists the feeling of movement throughout nature. Nothing, in nature, is limited by a fixed and rigid outline. There is always a want of definition between the object, however distinct and concrete, and the ambient air; the attempt to delimit every object by an outline cutting it off from the surrounding medium is a fault, and can be tolerated only when it is introduced purposely in an archaic scheme of decoration.

It is this insight into the fact that objects surrounded by the atmosphere are, so to speak, bathed and partly absorbed in it, which constitutes the great talent of M. Carrière. M. Carrière sees everything in soft gradations of tone, nothing stands out sharply; and though he somewhat exaggerates this aspect of things, he gives us, by a due accentuation of high light on the parts to which he desires to draw attention, an effect of startling truth, and passages of amazing power.

M. Picard, whose talent I delight in, too, does not follow M. Carrière's method; but, like him, he works in a spirit of negation, concentrating the intensity of vital power as far as possible on the precise spot where he desires to be assertive. M. Carrière has no picture in our public galleries, nor has M. Picard been honored by the patronage of the authorities.

A propos to public galleries a report drawn up by M. Louis Gonse has just been laid before the Superior Council of the Beaux-Arts, in the name of the sub-committee appointed to inquire into

the serious question of our art collections. I say "serious question," because there is none which cries out for higher consideration or a more radical reform.

At the end of the last century, when the Revolution had transformed every political and social institution in France—it might almost be said throughout the world—one feeling was developed which did the greatest honor to the mind of the French people. The men who had conceived the notion of a new order of things were determined that they would not display a disgraceful spectacle such as humanity had witnessed many times before. They were on their guard against the destructiveness which is almost always inseparable from a shock. They were resolved to protect and preserve all which bore witness to the artistic glory of past civilization. They created the Museum of Art. And it was under the auspices of the Republic, in 1793, that the central Museum of Art was opened at the Louvre. In the report presented to the Council of the Beaux-Arts, however, the writer says : "The old Museum of the Civil List had now become the Museum of the Republic." The fact was precisely the reverse, if the Civil List of Bonaparte is meant. Still, so far as I know, the Civil List never constituted a governing body, as opposed to any other. The simple truth is that since 1793 the collections at the Louvre have belonged to the nation; and that though the French nation has often since that time been under personal government, it has never, at any time, belonged to a personage called "Civil List."

Some days after this sub-committee of the Superior Council had been nominated, the press asserted—newspapers often lack discretion—that the sub-committee would work slowly, since they desired to examine all the documents which might throw light on the matter they were to investigate. Now, from this report, it would seem that they have not even consulted the hand-books which every one can obtain, and which might have given them—as every one else—a certain amount of information.

YACHTING

The writer, on the contrary, has been at the pains to collect the most fantastic mistakes. To begin with he tells us that "the grants to the British Museum and National Gallery combined, for purchases alone, are more than three times as great as that to the Louvre, where the various sections of the London museums are gathered under one roof." If the author had opened the first guide-book that came to hand he would have learnt that the Louvre does not combine the various sections of the British Museum, which includes an art collection, a map department, books, magazines and newspapers, manuscripts, parliamentary papers, natural history collections, etc. The grant to the British Museum amounts to £155,970 a year. Now, if we add together the sums annually allotted to the French National Library—not to mention other libraries—to the collection of maps, the national archives, and the Art Galleries, we shall find that they amount to a much larger total.

As to the National Gallery, the grant for purchases is so small that, only last year, Lord Rothschild, Sir Edward Guinness, and Mr. Charles Cotes each subscribed £10,000 to assist it. And it is absurd of our reporter to tell us that the English Parliament never hesitate to vote large sums—this splendid behavior of the English Government being contrasted in his mind with the less

magnificent liberality of the French authorities—since it was as a result of the refusal of the grant that the three gentlemen just mentioned did the generous deed I have put on record.

The author of the report had observed, in the very able and interesting document addressed to me in 1881 by M. Rayet, that certain departments of the Museum, as for instance, the collections of Greek and Egyptian Antiquities, were less handsomely endowed in France than in England, and argued from the particular to the general, like the Englishman, who, on landing at Calais, met a woman with red hair, and concluded that all the women of Calais had red hair.

He had furthermore made some curious discoveries in England. His definition of the Trustees of the British Museum has, at any rate, the merit of originality.

"The constitution of the British Museum," he says, "is noteworthy. The management is in the hands of a committee of fifty trustees. Two-thirds of these are appointed by Government, and the other third by the *ex-officio* members. This bears some resemblance to the constitution of our committee of historical monuments which, during the half-century of its existence, has given proof of its efficiency. It may, however, be observed that so large a committee as this, if it practically existed, would be a dormant rather than an active body, and have the serious disadvantage of subdividing the responsibility to such an extent as almost to nullify it. In practice those members of the governing body of the British Museum who are nominated *ad pompam* hold aloof, or at most put in an appearance at solemn meetings for the auditing of accounts, the fixing of salaries and discussion of general business. On other occasions they delegate their powers to a permanent committee of eighteen members, qualified by special knowledge, who meet every fortnight and vote on expenditure."

I should not have forgiven myself for not quoting *in extenso* this passage from M. Gonse's report, for it is quite a gem.

There is not, as a matter of fact, the most remote resemblance between the trustees of the British Museum and the committee of historical monuments.

This committee has on several occasions been nominated exclusively by the Government, and it is only within the last few years that whenever a vacancy has occurred it has been filled up from a list of names presented by the committee for the minister to choose from. The members of this Committee deliberate and decide on all questions of classification and restoration, as comprehended in the statute of 1887, which is the latest in date. In the British Museum there is nothing of the kind. The families of Sloane, Cotton, Harley, Townley, Elgin and Knight are represented by nine members. One only is nominated by Government; twenty-five more have been appointed as circumstances have dictated, as the library and collections have been extended, in the same way as the nine above-mentioned; and the other twenty are elected by these thirty original members. The trustees never vote a purchase; they vote for or against suggested purchases. They do not make a grant; they control the use of the grant.

M. Gonse adds that "the curators of the British Museum form no portion of the board of trustees, but that they never have any cause to complain of the trustees." There is a very good reason for this : it is that the curators, like all the officials of the Museum, are appointed by the trustees, who would dismiss them if they did their work badly.

Such ignorance of facts which are within the knowledge of all, on the part of a writer drawing up a more or less official report, is really amazing.

The artistic institutions of England all owe their origin to private initiative. In some of them, as in the British Museum, private initiative has remained preponderant; and in the others it is still the most active element. In plain words the artistic institutions of England are governed by donors. In France they are

managed exclusively by the recipients. On one side we see Mæcenas; on the other a functionary. And from the first moment when a grant was suggested for the maintenance of our museums, the purpose in view was not to increase the sums at the disposal of the functionaries, but to alter the conditions of the management of such institutions and to invite, by the liberal example of the Government, gifts and bequests from those whose interest might be won for our public galleries.

In direct contradiction to M. Gonse, it was not in 1880 that the idea of a grant for public galleries was first broached; it was in 1878, at a committee meeting on which I had the honor of sitting with M. Edouard Charton, and M. Lambert Sainte-Croix. We were the first to suggest to M. Bardoux a plan for creating a fund for this purpose, after he should have consulted the Minister of Finance—at that time M. Léon Say—who added the scheme of a sinking fund of the moneys not spent within the year, so as to create a permanent capital. M. Bardoux laid the question before the Council of State, and drew up a formal proposal. His successor, M. Ferry, in 1880, submitted a different one. In 1882 he laid on the table of the Chamber one drawn up by the Minister of Fine Arts with the assistance of MM. Tetreau and Paul Mantz, and for this reason we find in M. Ferry's second scheme the expression "State Museum." In 1890, I had the honor of drafting a final proposal, signed by a large number of my fellow deputies, which was intended to include all museums and galleries, and not merely those called national, since they had been royal or imperial in their day and only the name had been changed.

The last scheme of the Superior Council of the Beaux-Arts brings us back into the old groove; nor need we be surprised in a day when no better way of amending the management of the Beaux-Arts seems to be known than by suppressing all management.

I hear a few lamentations over this matter, and I wonder whether

J. BERAUD

THE MAGDALEN IN THE PHARISEE'S HOUSE

SALON DE 1891

A. FIELFELT

THE MAGDALEN

many of those who bewail the diminution of the grant in the service of art might not very properly cry : "*Mea culpa.*"

When the Ministry of Fine Arts was created, it answered to an indisputable social need. No one can honestly deny that the old type of superintendence of the Beaux-Arts no longer meets the requirements of our time. Why, then, since this is acknowledged,

ROBERT GRANGER — *A Sugar Refinery*

maintain it in its old-fashioned form? Why not establish in its stead the more modern and efficient organization which was projected in 1881? On that occasion the most radical, and the least radical reformers, joined issue to demand the *status quo ante;* and I here take leave to tell them that it ill-beseems them now to pour out their useless jeremiads. But to this question I will presently return.

Among the pictures exhibited by M. Meunier, all showing a desire to follow nature with faithful devotion, while observing it with

a strong vein of individuality, "The Road," belonging to M. Coquelin Cadet, pleases me the most. The State has purchased "The Cate chism," and may be congratulated on having done so; the scene is well composed and the tone true throughout. "Casting the Net," which belongs to M. Claretie, is a real *tour de force,* the atmosphere is so limpid among a variety of hues, not one of which is exaggerated. "Under the firs of Saint-Jean" gives a perfectly true impression of the exquisite scenery of the maritime Alps, and among the pastels you will find the "Pré Guillemin" a very elaborate study, amazingly and intensely luminous. One could fancy the sweeping shadows were actually coursing each other across the meadow.

In the same room we find M. Besnard, who is an artist it is highly interesting to follow through his successive transformations. M. Besnard has sent to the Champ de Mars studies, portraits, and stained glass. Among the studies, that called "Evening Clouds" is full of indefinable charm. The portrait of Mesdemoiselles Dreyfus is delightfully composed. No English painter has ever done better, and M. Besnard, in drawing his two very charming sitters, has seized with unerring truthfulness the elegance of their modeling and the brilliancy of their fine eyes. The picture of Monsieur and Madame Chausson is an elaborate study of the subtle gradations of light and shade in a very low key, and of very happy effect.

I am delighted to find such an artist as M. Besnard trying his hand on stained glass, and reviving that art with the masterly skill he brings to bear on everything he touches. When will really great artists understand that it lies with them to aid the inexhaustible impulse of art to decorate everything that we live with, from the small article of daily use to the great cartoon which may find such a variety of interpretation. Glass lends itself to a daring use of color which ought to prove tempting, and which has, very happily, tempted M. Besnard.

M. Alfred Stevens has consented to send to the Champ de

WALKING ON THE WATERS

AT THE SHRINE OF THE MADONNA

Mars a collection of pictures which give a very complete idea of the artist's large mass of work. The "Yellow Lady" is a great success, because the public always enjoys seeing again a thing it has once admired. The other pictures fully justify M. Alfred Stevens's high and well-earned reputation.

I hesitate to praise M. Raffaelli, for fear of repeating what I have said so many times : that there are few men more gifted or of such frank individuality. M. Raffaelli is more than ever master of himself, and his portrait of M. Dannat is one of the best things in the exhibition at the Champ de Mars.

M. Jean Béraud, again, is making great progress. He has never carried subtlety of observation to greater lengths. There is always a crush round the "Magdalene in the Pharisee's House," which has, in fact, very great qualities. "A Café Concert" is, however, more to my taste.

M. Agache always displays the same correction of style in his compositions; they are fine, a little cold perhaps, but full of lofty purpose.

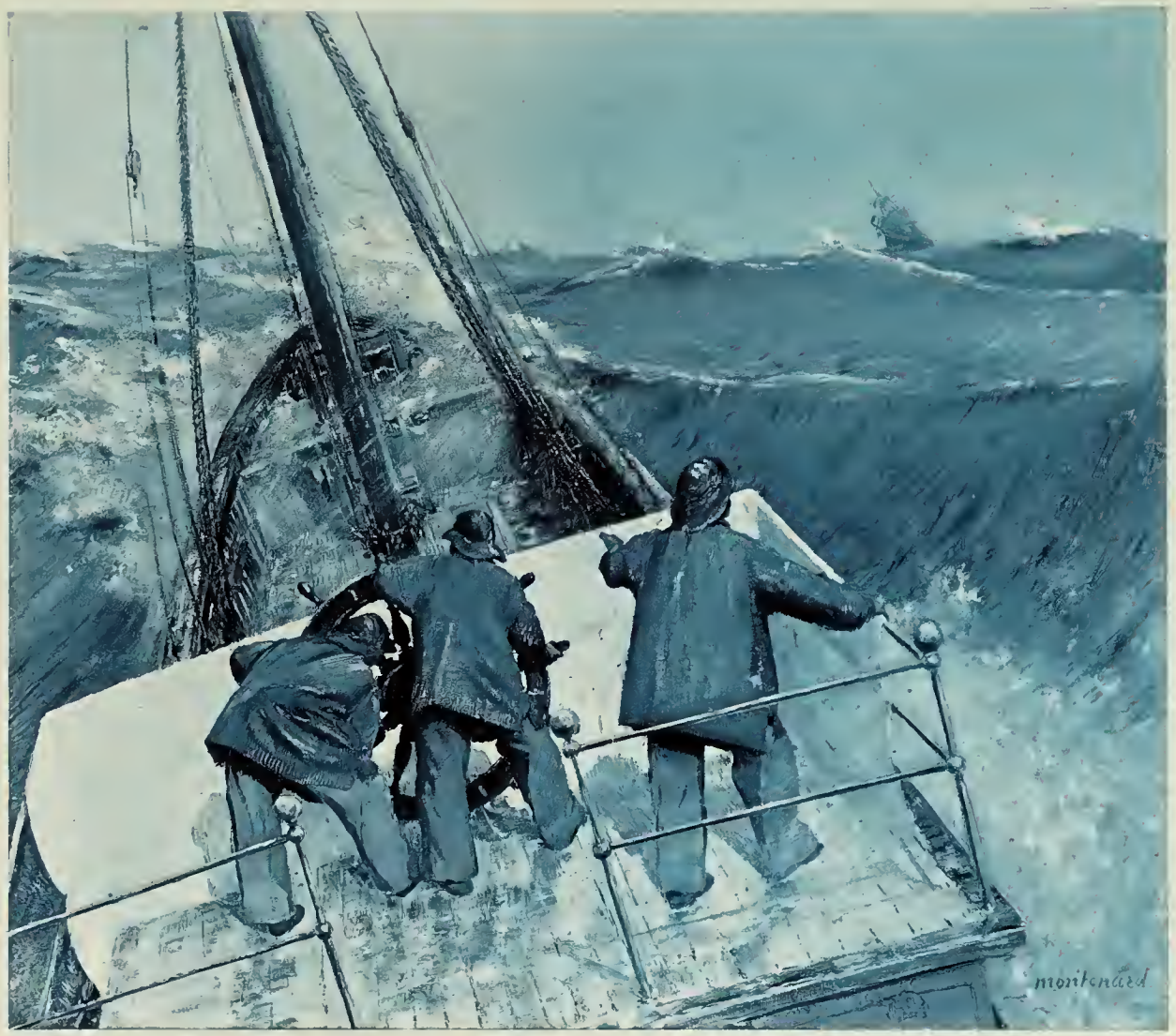
M. Aublet sends a number of very good pictures. Mrs. Annie Ayrton has no rival in still-life. M. Emile Barau sends a series of fine landscapes which ought to have gained him some mark of honor. M. Bastien-Lepage, who has become a painter without giving up his work as an architect, was happily inspired by a "Village in Lorraine." M. Gaston Béthune's "Bay of Saint-Jean" is a highly creditable work. M. René Billotte pursues the road to success with a certainty of apprehension which cannot be too highly praised.

M. Binet sends a large decorative work, "The Sortie from Paris, 1870," painted for the Hôtel de Ville, and a "Railway Station." The arrangement of these two pictures is most ingenious. The first carries us back to the fog and gloom of a time during which we never for a moment ceased to hope. I met, the other day, an officer who, like myself, happened to be in Paris during

the siege. We had not seen each other since. Events seemed clearer to us after the lapse of twenty years. We had not a doubt that if due advantage had been taken of the genuine undercurrent of patriotism which existed at that time among the brave population of Paris, matters might have turned out very differently. But every one was diffident of himself, and we all distrusted each other.

I remember that on my return from Sedan, on entering the Ministry of the Interior by the side of Gambetta, we were quite convinced that though so many of us were condemned just then not to get out of Paris, France would get herself out of the frightful difficulties into which the Empire had dragged her, and would end by chasing the enemy beyond the frontier. We vent every day with Gambetta to inspect the forts round Paris, and we came back from our visits confirmed in this belief. The unfortunate affair at Châtillon, which revealed the exhaustion and dejection of some of the soldiers who had conducted the early part of the campaign, was a great grief to us. The incident in itself had not the importance which the military authorities attributed to it, nor was it sufficient to justify their refusal to attempt any great sorties during the rest of the siege. For that was the reason they always gave to explain their attitude. We were quite disabled, they said, and quite unfit to meet the victorious German forces. The fight at Chevilly amply proved that if they had acted with rather more obstinacy and determination, the conqueror would have given way. The terror felt that day at Versailles, as we have since learnt from trustworthy confessions, leaves no doubt on that point. So it was with a real heart-ache that I looked at the "Sortie from Paris, 1870," in the Champ de Mars; I should have been glad to see the companion picture, "The Happy Return." Alas! Who can forget the sorrows of the day after Champigny and the evening after Buzenval?

M. Victor Binet is a landscape painter of great talent, who, like M. Adolphe Binet, has a strong feeling for decoration. The



A STEAM TUG IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

"Fontaine du Châtelet" is a remarkable panel which will hold its own at the Hôtel de Ville.

M. Jacques Émile Blanche has been lavish, and who will complain? Not certainly Monsieur Maurice Barrès or Madame Abel Hermant, whose portraits are capital.

M. Boldini looks down on everything from above, getting effects of perspective which exaggerate the lines. These fancies are much in vogue in our waning century, and it must be admitted that they have an exquisite charm of their own.

It is a real injustice that M. Eugène Boudin has not received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. For a long time, M. Boudin has, year after year, displayed an immense amount of cleverness, which has made him justly famous among his fellow artists.

M. Boutet de Monvel has but one portrait of a young girl, in this year's exhibition.

Mademoiselle Marie Breslau, on the contrary, is represented by a large number of works.

During the last days of poor, great Meissonier, I used to see M. Bretegnier at work in his studio in the Place Malesherbes. M. Bretegnier has sent us a faithful representation of Meissonier's atelier which ought to find a place in one of our public picture galleries.

It is always a pleasure to me to see the pretty landscapes which M. Burnand delights in painting, and which so greatly struck our foreign visitors at the time of the Universal Exhibition of 1889.

M. Gabrit, of Bordeaux, exhibits some landscapes of delightful distinction and delicate coloring.

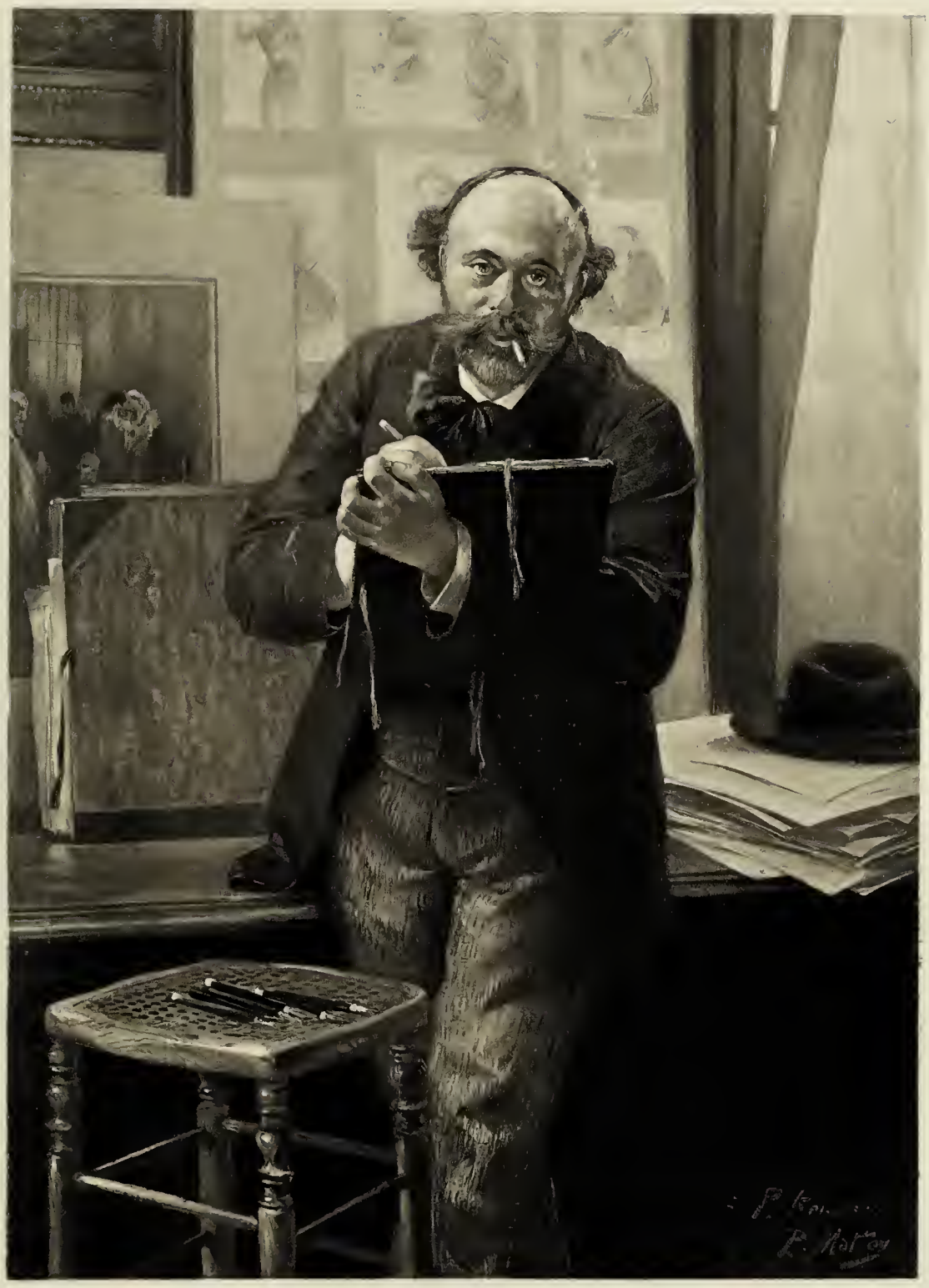
Ever since the opening of the exhibition in the Champ de Mars, a crowd has gathered in front of the splendid panel on which hang the nine portraits by M. Carolus-Duran, and his picture of "Danae." M. Carolus-Duran was never more fully master of the manner he has made his own.

I like "*Sur la butte*," by M. Cazin, and I am rejoiced by M. Cazin's success; his artistic career is a triumph.

What a conscientious and vigorous painter is my old friend Gustave Colin! His portrait of Mademoiselle Ménard-Dorian is full of sweet feeling. Madame Gautreau was happily inspired when she engaged M. Gustave Courtois to make a medallion of her head. Her wonderfully pure profile is reproduced with faultless precision. M. Damoye loves wide horizons and reproduces them on canvas with wonderful skill and depth. The sea has no secrets for M. Eugène Dauphin, and the impressions he derives from a study of its changeful moods are rendered by him with consummate ability and breadth.

Some years since, I met, at a friend's house, a young painter who had come from London the day before, and who discussed art with a simple originality and truth of judgment which amazed me. He was a Swede, by name Anders Zorn. I was greatly attracted by this young man, as a living representative of the sympathy felt for French art in foreign countries, the worship of its masterpieces, and the desire to profit by its teaching. Anders Zorn is gifted in the widest sense of the word. He sees, analyzes, and expresses what he sees with genuine individuality. The only fault to be found in him is that he will sometimes try to express more than he really feels. He exhibited this year, at Durand Ruel's, some etchings of the highest quality, because he has been content with a degree of execution which exactly represents his thought. He exhibits three portraits at the Champ de Mars, one of which, that of M. Faure, is unrivalled. His "Brewery, Stockholm," is as complete a work as that purchased from him by the State three years ago, and now in the museum of the Luxembourg. But "The Waltz" and the portrait of M. Spuller are incongruous. He has injured his work by seeking to introduce into it something apart from the thing he really saw. Anders Zorn is an artist of great merit, and a splendid future lies before him. Let him beware of the abuse of black shadows—and take no offence at the warning. If the desired result is attained it matters little whether the means

F. MATHE



PORTRAIT OF M. BLANCARD

employed are pleasing or no; but he should be on his guard against the ambition to express what he does not feel.

But if I were to enumerate all the artists of talent, and of great talent, who come to us from abroad, the list would be a long one. Some regret this; for my part I am glad of it, for they all show some reflection of French influence. I defy all the monarchies in Europe to form a triple or quadruple alliance against us in the domain of art. In this respect we have remained true to the old French tradition. All the little nations are on our side. Belgium, with Verstraete and Wytsman, and many others, not to mention Stevens; Sweden, with Zorn, Thegerström and Hagborg; Norway, with Thaulow, Werenskiold, Skredswig; Holland, with Mesdag; Turkey, with Zakarian; Finland, with Edelfelt. And we have the great nations too: the American colony, the Spanish colony.

COUTURIER *Signaling at Sea*

To return to my fellow-countrymen, M. Louis Deschamps exhibits a number of studies which are not too faithful to nature. M. Dinet has some fine points as a colorist. "Playing with Powder" is full of life. "Women bathing" is a remarkable and bold study of clear light. "The Caravan," "The Sahara," "Sunset," bear witness to M. Dinet's great improvement since the exhibition of last year.

M. Guillaume Dubufe delights in dainty work. He brings to it a thoroughly French taste, and succeeds completely. It is to this artist that the National Society of Arts owes the decoration of the rooms, the galleries, and the garden; and it is a most exquisite decoration.

M. Louis Dumoulin has come from Rome with a number of very amusing studies, denoting great facility, sparkling, and pleasing to the eye.

M. Durst's first picture, if I remember rightly, was a clever study of some fowls in a midden. It attracted much attention. His landscapes are remarkable and his "Geese bathing" are superior to his landscapes.

M. José Engel is an artist whose name is to be remembered. We shall hear more of him by and bye. M. Firmin Girard is popular among picture dealers whose business is to cater for all tastes. How much talent he wastes in obtaining such unsatisfactory results, which so evidently aim at being the last expression of completeness! M. Albert Fourié is equally happy in "Sunshine" and in "Shadow." M. Friant's show is above praise; the portrait of M. Coquelin in the part of Destournelles is a perfect masterpiece.

In the blue room, M. Galland's decorative compositions are very effective. No one can possibly paint better than M. René Gilbert, but all feeling is absent from the marvel of execution which is called "The Goods Station of the Western Railway," and which is to be placed in the Justice room of the Tribunal of Commerce, at Paris. M. Girardot, it seems to me, did better last year; which is not to say that his exhibits this year are unworthy of the attention of artists. Mademoiselle Jeanne Gonzalès is one of a family of true artists. Her "Litter of Flowers" is a charming bit of painting. Her husband, M. Henri Guérard, the capital engraver, is also a capital painter.

M. Gaston Guignard is making great progress. So much cannot

THE MINERS' ROLL CALL.

be said for Mr. Harrison, though his marine pieces are highly attractive studies.

There is real power in "Preparing Dinner," by M. Jozef Israels, though the technique is not pleasing. I know that a great many people appreciate M. Iwill's fancies, but I confess that their taste is not mine. I delight in M. Charles James's humorous little pictures; "In Memory of—" is a real gem. M. Jean-

T VER. TRAETE — A Mass in Campine Belgium

niot has already gone through an artistic career which bids fair to carry him into the front rank. He is gifted with uncompromising sincerity, and it is by this adhesion to his own firm convictions that he will hold the position he is on the high road to win among French artists.

M. Roger Jourdain always selects pleasing subjects, and treats them with infinite good humor. Our friend Kroyer has forgotten himself this year, but he is quite clever enough to make us overlook the mistake. "Bad news," "Sunshine," and the "Interior of a Church at Munich" are, on the other hand, good evidence of

M. Kuehl's growing talent. M. Lambert and his cats are always much petted, and M. de La Touche's "Nursery" has hit the public taste. M. Albert Lebourg is a vigorous painter of landscape; "Bas-Meudon" is a bold bit of work. Madame Madeleine Lemaire has a very brilliant show of "Currants, Raspberries and Strawberries," and of "Peaches and Grapes." M. Lepère, who is at the head of our school of engravers on wood, exhibits a large and fine series of landscape studies.

Why did the State not purchase Meissonier's "Barricade?" M. Lhermitte is a past master of rural scenes. M. Maurice Lobre is not improving. M. Marchal has a lofty and sound feeling for decorative work. M. Ménard's "Adam and Eve" is exquisitely inspired; here again is a name to be remembered. M. Montenard catches the sunbeams on his palette and gives us dazzling results. M. Moutte selects December mornings to paint the "Port of Marseilles."

M. Perrandeau's "Holy Women" form a picture of great simplicity and harmony. M. Georges Picard, who has been so successful in a recent competition offered by the Hôtel de Ville, exhibits one of the cupolas designed by him, and a "View of a Seaport" ordered for the Ministry of Public Works. "A Corner of the Drawing-room," by M. Prinet, is an amusing picture, and the lady at the piano is a graceful figure. What charming studies are "At low Water," and "A Fever Trap," in Algeria, sent by M. Ary Renan.

M. Ribot, the Master, has sent no less than eight canvases to the Champ de Mars, all of a high class. "Fire," by M. Rixens, is a decorative panel in the very best style. The National Society of Fine Arts awarded a traveling prize to M. Rosset-Granger, who shows great talent; and the Ministry of Public Instruction has given a decoration to M. Henri Saintin, a careful and subtle landscape painter. These are acts to be commended. I am very much afraid that Mr. Sargent, who has sent us this year from

Mme MADELEINE LEMAIRE

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA

SALON DE 1891

JEANNE

A. [illegible] et M. [illegible]

America the "Portrait of a Boy," is tempted to play tricks with the facility which has always been a conspicuous feature of his great talent. When I have mentioned M. Sisley and M. Skredsvig, I have almost gone through the list of names in the catalogue of the Champ de Mars, and which have assured the success of the second exhibition of the National Society in the painting department.

In the rooms devoted to drawings, water-colors, pastels and miniatures, we find much the same names as in the chief gallery. I must, however, mention among the artists who this year have sent no oil paintings, Mademoiselle Jeanne Bosc, Madame Marie Cazin, M. Renouard, M. Urrabieta-Vierge, and Mademoiselle Ruth Mercier.

Among the engravers we find M. Bracquemond, M. Michel Cazin, M. Desboutin (another omission from the list of distinctions conferred) MM. Henri Guérard, Lepère, Auguste Morse, Waltner, Anders Zorn.

The National Society has opened a section of specimens of artistic handicraft. It is a happy innovation, but for the future it should be more fully developed. M. Aubé exhibits a casket for rings; M. Carabin furniture of eccentric design, but sometimes not unpleasing; M. Cazin two necklaces; M. Ernest Chaplet some blue and grey stoneware, and two statuettes after Dalou which are exquisite in dead white biscuit. M. Dampt has sent a ring of silver and gold; M. Delaherche some vases of flashed stoneware; MM. Dammouse and Chéret jars and plates; M. Gauguin some remarkable compositions; M. Émile Gallé half a dozen masterpieces; M. Guérard a vase and some plates; M. Jouneau (of Parthenay) a basket of unusual finish. Here are Lachenal and Raffaelli. And here too is a new-comer in the exhibitions, André Thesmar, with eleven translucent enamels, cloisonné with gold, and four brooches.

Sculpture, as I have said, is not strongly represented. M. Aubé sends his statue of Boucher in marble, and the statue of Borda

lately erected at Dax. M. Baffier exhibits only a plaster bust called "Jeannette," and M. Bartholomé a large and beautiful composition with some captivating studies from nature. M. Dalou's show is quite brilliant; his fountain, purchased by the city of Paris will grace one of our squares with a piece of real art. His busts of Albert Wolff and of Liouville are perfect. Rodin gives us an admirable study, from every point of view, of M. Puvis de Chavannes, the president of the National Society. When art has attained such a degree of expression, we are amazed at the power of the artist. No one, perhaps, of our day can mould clay with such effect as M. Rodin.

In 1889, when I had the privilege of proposing M. Meunier for the cross of the Legion of Honor, the suggestion was not particularly well received by the Academic world of Brussels. There, as in all such assemblies, death alone is worshipped, and life his held in holy horror. M. Constantin Meunier's works in the Champ de Mars are in every way remarkable. The simplicity of outline and choiceness of modeling—which do not destroy, nay, on the contrary, which add force to the modesty of the subjects—make M. Meunier an artist of the highest rank. M. Injalbert's fountain has been bought by the government. It is elegant, but too evidently Italianised. M. Desbois' "Leda" is less important than his grand group of last year, but it suggests the fitness of M. Desbois for some decorative work which the government might put into his hands.

I should blame myself indeed if I failed to mention in a foremost place M. Lenoir's works : the portrait of his father, a surprising likeness, "The Beggar," full of fine character, and the monument to the Princess of Salerno, worthy of the old French tradition. I greatly admire M. Cordonnier's talent, but why did M. Cordonnier yield to the temptation to complete the "Victory of Samothrace?" It is a melancholy aberration on the part of such an artist. We should leave this kind of thing to M. Ravaisson, the restorer of the Milo Venus.

Anne Penell
91

A TRAMPING MAN

M. Coutan exhibits a characteristic bust of M. Alphand. M. Dampt sends a "Bacchante" and two portraits, besides a statuette in wood.

Madame Besnard has put all the charm of her springlike freshness into the head of a young girl. M. Bourdelle's busts are pretty and full of a sympathetic feeling for the character of the models. M. Charpentier is a most interesting artist, with a

RICHON BRUNET

professed aversion for the commonplace on which I heartily congratulate him. The bust of Reyer, the composer, by M. Hugues, is good. M. Granet's "Psyche" will certainly earn him a commission, and I wish the same good fortune to the vigorous hand of M. Ringel d'Illzac. I must also mention the bust of M. Levraud, president of the Municipal Council of Paris, by M. Vital-Cornu; M. Tony Noel's "Orpheus;" and I must not forget MM. Jean

Escoula, Beer, Bargas, Borglum, Homerville, Jouant, Le Duc, Mulot, Niederhausern-Rodo, Orléans, Peter, Prouvé, Streit, Valgren, Vaucanu, Vernier, and Raffaelli, a master hand, who in sculpture sends his "Knife-grinder," and a bust of an old man.

And now, after having made the round of the exhibitions in the Palais de l'Industrie and the Champ de Mars, I hope I may be permitted to say a few words on the subject which overrules everything that relates to art in France. I mean the preservation, the suppression, or the radical reform of official administration in matters of art.

To begin at the beginning, I cannot let slip this opportunity of protesting once more against the contradiction in terms of the words Fine Arts. I must repeat here what I have never ceased to say, that art is one; and that artists are only to be classed by the height they may individually attain to.

It was the hatred of corporations, the contempt of the man who called himself an artist for the artisan which, not more than two centuries ago, gave rise to this distinction between Art and Fine Arts. Then, one fine day, it was recognized by statute, duly and formally drawn up by the King's notaries and recorders, that henceforth music, painting, sculpture and architecture should constitute a class to be known as the Fine Arts; and that engraving, mosaic and tapestry should be added, only in so far as these crafts, artistic and mechanical, might have the distinguished honor of perpetuating the products of the Fine Arts. The artisan, as he was disdainfully termed, did his best to uphold the traditions of his teaching; he was so fortunate as to meet with men among the artists who would risk excommunication and second his efforts; but in our day the dividing line has been strengthened. And it is the duty of our century to wipe it out and mingle in one family all who serve art with equal conviction.

Gambetta and I attempted to bring about such a reform in 1881,

PARIS

C. MELCHERS

A CHOIR MASTER

when we established a Ministry of Arts. Being of opinion that it was not all sufficient to develop the love and culture of the Fine Arts alone, and that the help art may give to industry is of great importance to the expansion of the productive powers of a nation, we attributed to this new office, irrespective of services connected with the Fine Arts, the management of technical education and of the teaching and superintendence of drawing in every class of school. Thus we established a Ministry or Office of Labor, and this new institution was to act without any fresh schedule of expenditure. For, in fact, we did not think that a Ministry of Art need multiply State establishments, which are always costly and frequently fruitless, but that it should endeavor to combine the action of the central body with that of others already existing, of the departments, the communes, the chambers of commerce, and the syndicates, and, finally, with the efforts of private initiative, which, in France, we are so unwise as always to regard as unimportant.

Every time I have been in England I have been struck by seeing what great things private initiative can accomplish in a country where, far from hindering its efficacy, the authorities invite its co-operation. The English, convinced of the importance of technical education, as being—according to the Marquis of Lorne, one of Queen Victoria's sons-in-law—the great question of the day, have neglected no means of diffusing the teaching of Art. Schools and museums exist, or are being established, in every great industrial center.

And the effects of this care were soon made manifest. At the International Congress for Technical Education, held at Bordeaux in 1886, Sir Philip Magnus, representing Great Britain, could assure us that, thanks to technical teaching, the English could now, to a great extent, dispense with the assistance of Paris artists. It is beyond question that articles of luxury are now produced in England by English craftsmen, and turned out with a taste and

finish which would have been looked for in vain twelve or fifteen years ago.

On the other hand, it is to private initiative that such institutions as the British Museum and the National Gallery owe their origin, as well as most of the institutions which are grouped under the roof and in the neighborhood of the South Kensington Museum.

But to return to the Ministry of Arts : this attempt to amalgamate artists of all degrees and classes, which might have had so happy an effect on the industrial products of the nation, had but a brief existence. Constituted on the 14th of November, 1881, the Ministry of Arts vanished with Gambetta's cabinet on the 26th of January, 1882.

The functions it was to have united were restored to the various offices which had been relieved of them, and the administration of Fine Arts was again restricted to its original sphere of action.

The Ministry of Arts had attempted to combine with the Office of Public Buildings, the Office of Ecclesiastical Buildings and that of Public Festivals in establishing a general superintendence of the construction and decoration of all public buildings. It was to include all the State works of architecture, and to regulate and reduce the expenditure of costly government offices, whose great fault is that they take no account of the cost of the buildings they order. After the 26th of January, 1882, the office of Public Buildings was re-instated in its independence. I have spoken elsewhere of the great and expensive blunders perpetrated by this body. There is none so antagonistic to progress, so blind to the noble mission which the distribution of State functions has thrown into its hands.

To take a single example, is it not lamentable to see the Office of Public Works refuse to admit any new scheme of decoration for public buildings? Why is no attempt made to bring about such a grand co-operation of architects with other artists

PORTRAIT OF M. ALPHONSE DAUDET

E. FRIANT

PORTRAITS OF M COQUELIN THE ELDER AND M JEAN COQUELIN

painters and sculptors, as that to which we owe such complete monuments as many of those which grace the soil of France? Go and look at our more recent buildings, walk through our public gardens, and you will observe that the decoration has no fitness to the setting. There are in this class of work certain remediable errors, but there are some which are irreparable; and when we perceive how easy it would have been, by the help of a little forethought, to give the idea of unity of conception, we can only deplore the indifference of the State, which might easily have reconciled antagonistic administrations.

It is not generally known that, when the Revolution found itself face to face with the *débris* of the old royal *surintendance*, it made an effort to constitute an administration of the arts on a solid basis, and in conformity to the requirements of the new state of things. Roland, the Minister, established a department of the Ministry of the Interior which combined all the ancient functions of the civil list : the libraries, the *garde-meuble*, the art manufactories, and the construction of public buildings, as well as the preservation of ancient monuments. In the year II of the Republic, the Committees of the Convention maintained the same organization; but in the year VIII the old system was revived. Article 15 of the *Senatus consultus* of the 28th Floréal (May 18th, 1804), of which the first clause is that the Government of the Republic is intrusted to an Emperor, confirmed the legislation of the year VIII, and re-established in its original form the civil list of the old *régime,* reconstituting the *surintendances* of Fine Arts and Public Buildings, as they had existed under the monarchy. Since then all attempts have been vain to restore to these services the homogeneity which is indispensable to them. I will not here record all the details of the organization which the Legislative Assembly and the Convention tried to constitute; but I cannot resist saying that the Ministry of Arts, in 1881, put into execution the plans drawn up at that period, which had, moreover, been carefully reconsidered by the

Assembly at Versailles, and by the commission appointed in 1878 by M. Bardoux.

In point of fact the Assembly of Versailles had, in 1875, undertaken a general inquiry into the administrative services. A

LEGAL — Engraved on Copper

committee was formed, and M. Édouard Charton was appointed secretary of the section of Fine Arts. In his report, laid on the table of the National Assembly on the 8th of September, M. Charton with regret abandoned the idea of the constitution of a separate Ministry of Arts or a general independent Directorate ; he restricted

himself to asking that all matters involving questions of art should be dealt with by the Ministry of Public Instruction.

"To which ministry," he asks in his report, "ought the direction of Arts to be annexed? There are in fact but three great classes of State services :

"1st. Those which are to provide for the interior and exterior security of the country, and which fall under the jurisdiction of the Ministers of the Interior, of Justice, of War, and of the Navy.

"2nd. Those which are concerned with the physical or material life of the nation, its food supplies, commerce, and industry, and which are under the Ministers of Finance, of Agriculture, and of Commerce.

"3rd. Those which are concerned with the education generally of the people, with the training of its intellectual and moral forces, and which constitute the department of the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship.

"According to this broad classification, which is recognized by the greatest authorities on administrative law, and which also agrees with the facts, we cannot hesitate to acknowledge that the Fine Arts have less to do with the security of the country and with the necessities of material existence, than with the cultivation of taste, which is a part of general education.

"But this truth, self evident as it is, does not seem to have been recognized.

"So long as they were placed under the direct supervision of the head of the State, the Fine Arts were regarded less as a Government department than as a part of royal or imperial luxury, an element of munificence, an emanation from the throne or, as has been said, a means of display of sovereign power.

"When they were transferred to the Ministry of the Interior, the Fine Arts either became too much mixed up with the material interests of the departments and communes, or they were subject

to the suspicion, more or less justified, of serving too often as a means of arbitrary liberality or political obligation.

"In the Ministry of Commerce, again, they could scarcely be appreciated, except in so far as they contribute to the material prosperity of the country, a narrow view, though indeed they do so to a very considerable degree.

"By being annexed to the Ministry of Public Instruction, and connected with the administration intrusted with public education and the encouragement of letters, the Fine Arts strictly speaking are in their legitimate place. Their right to the care of the State is recognized, not only because they are a source of rare and exquisite enjoyment to some refined minds, but because they answer to a real and general need, by tending to develop throughout the country a feeling and love for the beautiful which a nation may not venture to cast off, for the sake alike of its progress in civilization and of its glory.

"If it be true that there are persons who are insensible to the powerful and fruitful influence of the arts, it may be said that they are exceptions, like those others who are indifferent to poetry, to literature or to eloquence. Every enlightened and cultivated man, in full possession of the faculty of feeling, understanding, judging and admiring the beautiful in its various manifestations, cannot hesitate to acknowledge that painting, sculpture, architecture and music are arts in no way inferior to any others; and that the works of a Phidias or a Raphael are elements of moral and national culture as noble and as salutary as those of a Sophocles or a Racine.

"It is therefore our conviction that it can only be an advantage to the administration of Fine Arts to find its connection with the Ministry of Public Instruction more closely consolidated; and setting out from this point of view, we have to inquire whether its present constitution really and fully answers to what are or ought to be its functions."

M. Charton, in concluding his report, insisted on the necessity

for the Government to promote the teaching of drawing and the development of the industrial arts.

Taking this report as his authority, M. Bardoux, when he became Minister of Public Instruction, appointed a Commission on the 2nd of January, 1878, with instructions to prepare a scheme for re-organizing the administration of the Arts.

M. Lambert de Sainte-Croix drew up the report of this Commission. The conclusions set forth in it, without indeed formulating any demand for a separate ministry, betrayed so strong a tendency to sever the Fine Arts from Public Instruction, that an Under-Secretary of State was appointed to take charge of the Art department.

The work of the Commission of 1878 has, as I said a moment ago, considerably helped the formation of the ministry specially appointed on the 14th of November, 1881. In his report to the President of the Republic, Gambetta also stated this in formal language :

"The appointment of an Under-Secretary having among his special duties the management of the Fine Arts, allowed in 1879 of the realization of some of the reforms suggested by the Commission of 1878, but the union of the services which are concerned in the teaching of Art in all its branches and in all its applications, has not been effected.

"Meanwhile," continued Gambetta, "foreign countries have been for nearly thirty years increasing the number of institutions whose object it is to encourage this teaching, and we were able, at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, to see how rapid, thanks to the foresight of their governments, has been the progress made in art industries by nations which were not long since merely our imitators, and which have become our rivals.

"The appreciation of this state of things has produced in France a real movement in favor of such institutions as have elsewhere given such immediate and valuable results. After recalling

the fact that it was France which first opened technical colleges and schools, and that it is to the initiative of the men of the Revolution that the museums and special classes are due which secure the co-operation of art and industry, it has been observed very justly that it is not sufficient nowadays to develop the taste for, and the culture of, the Fine Arts, but that the assistance which Art can give to Industry has a considerable importance from the economic and social point of view, since it changes the conditions of labor, and exercises a decisive influence on the productive forces of a nation.

"In order to develop that liberal teaching of the general principles of art, which our large industries demand, and to assist technical education, which is no less necessary to them, I have the honor, Sir, of proposing to you the appointment of a Ministry of Fine Arts.

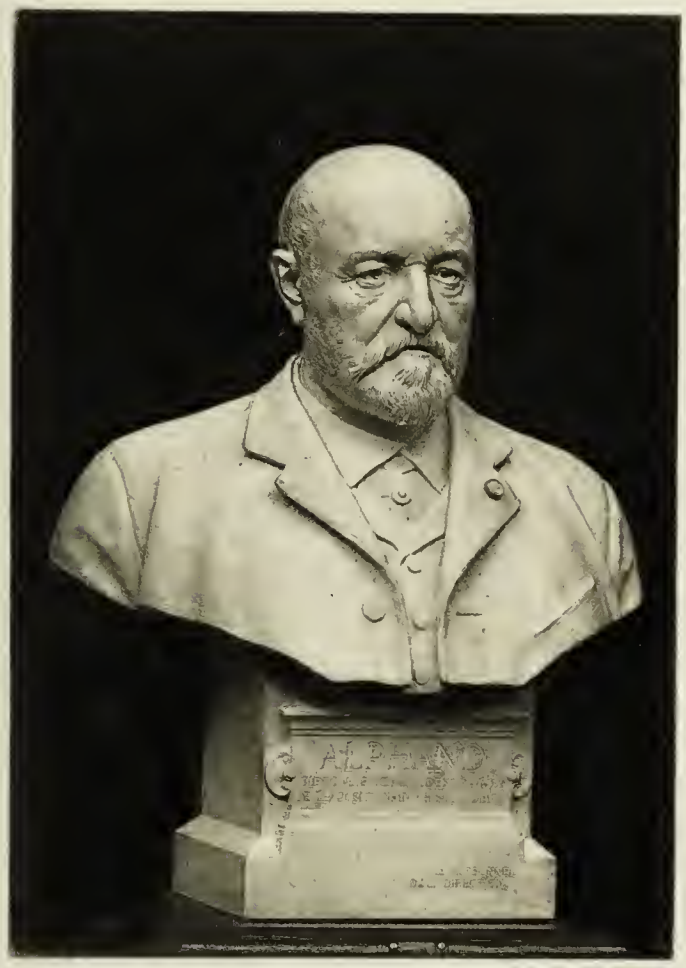
"This Ministry would comprise the present Administration of the Fine Arts, the Department of Public Buildings, and the erection of ecclesiastical edifices and cathedrals, duties which, from their character, naturally come within the scope of the Fine Arts.

"It would also have the direction of technical instruction (Technical colleges and schools of Arts and Crafts), which is at present one of the duties of the Ministry of Commerce; and, lastly, the inspection and superintendence of the teaching of drawing in normal schools of male and female teachers, in primary schools, and in colleges and public schools.

"I am anxious to add, Sir, that it appears to me that the reform which I have the honor of proposing to you, ought not to charge the Budget with the additional expenditure which the great interests connected with it would, at any rate, justify.

"I consider, in fact, that in order to do useful work, which would be really fruitful and completely in accordance with our traditions, our capabilities, and our tendencies, the Ministry of Arts need not add to public establishments, which are always

costly and frequently useless. My opinion is that it ought to restrict itself to combining the action of a central office with that of bodies or associations already in existence, that it ought to address itself to the departments, communes, chambers of commerce, consulting committees on Arts and Manufactures, and professional syndicates, all of which depend upon the government of the Republic for the assistance which that government is, more than any other, bound to lend to the efforts of our industrious democracy."



GAMBETTA — *Portrait of M. Arbhard*

It cannot be disputed that the report of Gambetta to the President of the Republic defines with absolute precision the sphere of public and of private action in the normal development of the artistic institutions of a nation.

It may even be added that the programme set forth in the report fulfilled undoubted requirements.

As early as 1875, M. Charton could make this statement : "It ought not," he wrote, "to be possible to say that in France we discuss, we hesitate, we postpone, while elsewhere they act. Experience has shewn us how easily too much confidence in ourselves alone may become fatal to us; the idea of the reforms

which we recommend, originated in our country some years ago; in applying them in our turn, we shall only take back what is our own; and other nations, who know well that we were before them in the theory, will only have had the advantage of preceding us by a few years in the practice."

These words of the reporter of 1875, true as they are, have found but little response. The reforms suggested in 1875, recommended in 1878, accomplished in 1881, have been entirely abandoned in 1882. Everywhere abroad they are progressing. We have gone back to our old formulas and customs. We have persisted for eleven years in closing our eyes to the evidence of facts.

Will it be said that France has not appreciably suffered from it?

For my own part, I have never hesitated to point out the drawbacks which the want of agreement and the separation of the services which are concerned with the Arts must produce; and if these drawbacks do not already strike the minds of most people, it will not be long before every one is aroused.

It is in fact sufficient for us to go abroad to see, as M. Charton said, how far other people have known how to profit by the theories which we have formulated, and to realize that we shall probably be the last to apply our own ideas.

If we visit the museums, the National Gallery at London, to mention only that public collection, we see there, as at Kensington, that it is the French method which prevails. If we enter a school, the practical instruction, recommended by Major Lamartinière at Lyons, has been adopted in all the branches of study.

And when we return to France, we find our Museum of the Louvre, wonderfully rich as it is, persisting in that custom of disorder and overcrowding which brings despair to any one who has a taste for art. When we pass through the rooms of certain schools in the receipt of liberal grants of money, we find signs of a long-condemned method of instruction.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

We seem to be doing our best to contradict ourselves.

Inquire on all these points of those who are responsible for the arts, ask them why the general arrangement of our museums is not remodeled, why they persist, in some of our schools, in teaching principles which they do not hesitate to say are pernicious, and you will invariably receive the same reply : "We have not enough money." Now, our Chambers, abused as they are, are not less liberal than those of other nations; there is no country which is more prompt in making sacrifices.

No, the truth is we are always guided by the customs of the past, and on the day when we really wish to do useful work, we shall have to return to the plan of 1881.

And, in fact, those who have examined the question without prejudice have realized that the numerous changes which the administration of the Arts has undergone, have done it no good.

The constant peregrinations of this or that portion of this administration, the independence of the museums as proclaimed in 1848, the connection of these same museums with the direction of the Rue de Valois, the autonomy of civic buildings, their affiliation to the central administration which was constituted in 1870; the division effected between historical monuments, cathedrals, and diocesan edifices; the scattering of everything which concerns technical instruction, going from the Public Works to Commerce, returning again to Commerce after having passed through the Home Office, all these changes have done no one any good.

For this reason the authors of the essay on the administration of Fine Arts, after having minutely described all these changes, could say that the Ministry of Arts had realized, in extending it, the complete autonomy of the Administration of the Arts. "To the office controlled by the Under-Secretary of Public Instruction," say they, "have been joined those of civic buildings and of diocesan edifices and cathedrals, that is to say the various architectural services; the service of technical instruction, that is to say that

of the art and crafts schools, and, finally, the teaching of drawing in primary and secondary schools. The departments of Public Works, of Worship, of Public Instruction and of Commerce, each contributes a stone to this new edifice, where, by the side of the protection of the Fine Arts properly so called, the protection of Industrial Art takes a place. The creative thought of the Ministry of Arts explains itself, and although it had only an ephemeral realization, we do not hesitate to say it is right in itself.

"During its short existence this creation distinguished itself by a methodical organization based on carefully-studied classifications. Thus a chief secretary with three directorships of instruction, preservation, and construction and decoration, made a logical and well-arranged division."

I know that a number of people will not fail to say, after reading the preceding remarks, that I have taken advantage of this account of the Salons of the Champ de Mars and the Palais de l'Industrie to indulge in special pleading, *pro domo*. The criticism may appear to be just, but I willingly accept it, having always considered, at the risk of being suspected of personal ambitions—of which I have none—that it was my duty to uphold, in the matter of art, the ideas which I believe to be true, and useful to the general interest.

Moreover, if the matter is considered calmly, it will readily be seen that I am not advocating ideas peculiar to myself, but those which have been held, as I have just pointed out, more or less strongly in our own country, for a considerable portion, if not for the whole of this century.

It was more particularly on the morrow of the Revolution that they first saw light, and it is certain that if France had not at that moment allowed herself to be led out of her proper course, if she had not under Napoleon sacrificed everything to military considerations, she would have given labor a freedom of which it would have taken advantage to increase a hundredfold the

E. CASTEE

power it had been acquiring during the preceding centuries, notwithstanding the obstacles of all sorts which had barred the way.

The proof of it is found in that grand and admirable intellectual growth which was noticed after the wars of the Empire, and which, in spite of the exhaustion which those wars produced, gave rise to the movement of the last years of the Restoration.

It has taken more than fifty years to demonstrate that this movement did the greatest honor to French thought, and that, more particularly in the domain of art, this thought had shown itself so immeasurably superior to all others, that we may be permitted to compare the works of the artists of this century with those of the most brilliant epochs.

At last we have learned to talk of "French art," instead of considering it as an appendage of foreign art. It is well known that our sculptors, our architects, and our painters have at all times shown more individuality than those with whom they were contrasted; and really, when we consider the proofs they have given of the versatility of their genius, we cannot but wonder why they should be persistently confined within a narrow circle, instead of being allowed a wide field, where the characteristic aptitudes of the race may be developed.

I defy any one to give even a plausible reason why the community, which gives every French citizen instruction enough to be able to write the signs of language, should not be equally under the obligation to instruct everybody in the writing of form. Moreover, what reason can there be, for providing, at the expense of the State, instruction in the so-called higher branches of art almost exclusively, while practically ignoring the primary and secondary degrees?

There is evidently none that will bear investigation.

Can any one seriously believe that the teaching of art according to the formulas adopted by the School of Fine Arts can have any other result than perpetuating, in very mediocre minds, the

tendency to do over again what has already been done, and hampering the free exercise of their faculties by those who are highly gifted?

I have been much struck by a confession on this subject made to me by Bastien-Lepage. He was at the school of Fine Arts and competed for the Prix de Rome. The jury had decided that his picture was the best. Bastien-Lepage was walking up and down on the Quay, anxiously awaiting the final verdict. His master, Cabanel, came out and said: "You have not received the prize. The jury did you full justice. But you had a rival who, owing to the limitation of age, cannot have another chance. The Institute has awarded him the prize." Bastien Lepage was thunderstruck by this communication. He tore about the town like a madman. There was, on the Boulevard des Italiens, an exhibition organized by Martinet. He went in, and saw there a picture by Manet. This picture represented "Young ladies on a balcony." He was much struck by it. He went to Damvillers, and began there to make open air studies from nature. But the instruction he had received at the school of Fine Arts

always hampered him. He could not avoid composing, even before nature. He improvised by set rules. He could not resign himself to depicting things as he saw them, and it took him years and years to free himself from the trammels of the School. And even then, he used to say, he was in a constant state of uneasiness, for he was always asking himself if he was not in the wrong for being right..

Well, take a man with less determined strength of mind. Suppose him to have been led, by circumstances which did not give him an opening in the field of industry, to devote himself to the cultivation of art. He enters the school—he leaves it, equipped with all its processes, armed with all its systems. He may try to apply all this in any way he pleases, it is practically useless. And the fact remains that, being incapable of designing a chair and unable to make a picture, he has no alternative but to hold out a begging hand to the State which misled him, and which consequently owes him compensation.

When you walk through a picture gallery, note the number of artists whose unlucky efforts you pass by. Is it the number that you thus marshal into line every year that constitutes the force of French art? Is it here as in a battle-field? No, it is only worth that tells, number is of no account.

Go, on the other hand, to an industrial exhibition. Take for example the industrial sections of the Universal Exhibition of 1889. The first thing which strikes you is the lack of any notion of the styles of different epochs. Never has there been better handiwork on the part of the workman, never has there been so little knowledge on the part of the designer. It stands to reason, therefore, that if from his earliest years, each French citizen were to receive the initial education which leads to the knowledge and practice of art, you would not have on the side of Art Exhibitions such a commonplace and monotonous display of work by recipe, and you would have, on the side of industry, a more com-

plete knowledge of the elements indispensable to the logical construction of every kind of object.

It may safely be asserted that the teaching of art, from the beginning, is not what it should be, and that in the higher grades it is just what it should not be.

Is another proof required? I once asked a large hardware manufacturer where he got his designers: "I am puzzled to know where to find them," he replied. "If I take them when they leave the Central School of Arts and Manufactures, their education is incomplete, they do not care enough for artistic research. If I take them from the School of Fine Arts, they have a very imperfect idea of the conditions of construction, and a tendency to sacrifice construction to art. The sentiment of proportion, of balance, so marked in all French work of a past date, was due to the teaching given by the corporations, in which great pains were taken to get variety. Nowadays the great corporation of the State does not trouble itself about these things. It never varies its teaching. On the contrary, its great dream is uniformity, the mother of weariness."

These observations are absolutely true. The State goes even further; it makes civil servants of artists, so effectually that those who remain outside the official limits are considered reprobates.

It has been maintained, not without reason, that the triumphant middle classes of 1789 carved out of the Revolution the institutions and habits particularly favorable to their own interests.

In the realm of art nothing is more true. It is said that merit is sure of its reward since competition has been introduced; but, unfortunately, competition does not always produce the best results, because the most meritorious take no part in it. And why do not those who are called the most meritorious and who often are the truly superior, compete? Because, by the side of competition, the official commission, given on arbitrary grounds, still survives.

A STUDY

THE BUTTERFLY

If for all works of art competition was the absolute and immutable rule, every one would be willing to take his chance. But no one would be so simple as to run the risk of being beaten, when he can elsewhere win the victory without undergoing the dangers of the fight.

It is no exaggeration to say that, besides a defective education, incomplete in itself or prejudicial to the real interests of art, we have customs which are most deplorable with regard to the encouragement of artistic production.

I have spoken further back of the third aim, which is preservation. For in the administration of the arts these three aims must inevitably be included : instruction, encouragement, and preservation. It is here particularly that our methods favor the defeat of justice.

The prize list is open, no doubt, and open to whom? To those who have competed, but not in public competition; those who have gone through the preliminary competitions in the State schools have the first chance. These competitions often leave them unprepared for the work they have to undertake, but that is of little consequence. Hence architects are called upon to preserve, repair, or restore, edifices of the style of which they disapprove; and naturally they destroy them, or, when the occasion arises, rebuild them according to their own taste. Quite recently, in one of our public buildings, the architect in charge grafted on to a structure of the Louis XIII style an erection of which it is difficult to define the style and denomination, but which evidently was more to his taste than the style it was his duty to respect. And when you bring these facts and many others to the public notice the reply is : "Take care; if you try to bring about any change in the administration of the arts, you render yourself responsible for the safety, the existence even of this administration."

We must listen with composure to this reasoning, consoling ourselves with the reflection that, though in this country of ours

progress is slow, it comes to pass at last by the mere force of things. However defective our administrative organization of the Arts may seem, the aptitudes peculiar to our race find their way to the surface. Persistency overcomes all obstacles, and if glory is withheld during the lifetime of the worker, posterity, which judges things more sanely, will not be so niggardly. Exhibitions have rendered valuable aid in bringing forward the unknown. And that is why I still uphold them; but, as I said at the beginning, the organization of our exhibitions must be improved, and the childish system of rewards must be done away with.

ANTONIN PROUST.

J. DALOU — *Bacchus (Group for a fountain.)*

LIST OF AWARDS

PAINTING

Second Medals.

MM. P.-J. Gervais, A. Axilette, M. Roy, C. Bourgonnier, Chevallier-Tayler, J.-B. Duffaud, E. Isenbart, C.-L. Léandre, F. Thévenot, F.-J. Quignon, E. Baillet.

Third Medals.

MM. J. Guthrie, L. de Schryver, O. Fridreich, J.-V. Salgado, H. Bisbing, H.-E. Le Sidaner, V. Chevilliard, L.-P. Dessar, M.-H. Orange, E. Noirot, A.-G. Rigolot, L.-F. Kowalsky, C.-H. Franzini d'Issoncourt, E.-L. Bisson, L. Grier, G.-A. Lopisgich, H. Royer, A. Guéry, P. Ballue, F. Brangwyn, B. Lemeunier, P. Bellet, G. Melingue, L. Berthault, G.-R. Fouace, L. Chalon, E. Borchard, H. Van der Weyden, A.-L. Schultzberg, A.-A. Crochepierre, E. Csok, L. Jacquesson de la Chevreuse, T. Bastet, Mlle C.-A.-B. Baily.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. C. Le Roux, G.-F. de Burggraff, A. Roeseler, M. Carl Rosa, S.-P.-F. Grateyrolle, A. Calbet, A.-E. Gumery, Mlle M. Heyermans, Mlle C. Langlois, MM. A. Rouby, F. de Bélair, W. Smith, A. Granchi-Taylor, M. Reyzner, Mlle M. Besson, MM. E.-E. Leroux, L. Verworner, H.-S. Tuke, S. Kendall, L. Bill, O. Struetzel, E. Meyer, H. de Petiville, W. Thorne, E.-H. Cauchois, P. Kühstohs, H. Foreau, C. Duvent, P.-A. Laurens, L.-C. Wührer, A. Balouzet, G. Thys, G.-P.-C. Maroniez, Mrs. C.-E. Wentworth, MM. J. Longstaff, H. Tenré, J. Habert-Dys, Mlle L. de Hem, MM. A.-E. Sterner, F. Paillet, Mlle C. Lacombe de Presle.

SCULPTURE

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. Alfred Boucher.

First Medals.

MM. A.-J. Gardet, E. Pépin.

Second Medals.

MM. S. Lami, J.-E. Boutellier, F. MacMonnies, André d'Houdain, B.-L. Hercule, E.-H. Boutry. *Engraving medals and gems:* Mlle R.-M. Lancelot, M. F.-E. Gaulard.

Third Medals.

MM. A. Peene, A. Anglade, C.-H. Theunissen, L.-J. Chavalliaud, L.-J. Deschamps, L. Grandin, R. Bloche, R. Rozet, P. Aubert, C. Lagarrigue, C. Pauchard *(engraving medals and gems).*

"Mentions honorables."

MM. Bureau, P. Chevré, A. Clerget, W.-A. Davis, C. Delacour, Mlle F. Ducrot. MM. Fernand-Dubois, A. Foretay, C.-E. Forgeot, Mlle C. Gennadius, MM. E. Girardin, C. Grafly, H. Gréber, A. Hesselinck, L.-T. Hingre, C. Léonard, P. Loiseau-Rousseau, G.-E. Muhlembeck, J.-J. Pendariès, F. Rasumny *(engraving medals)*, A.-A. Roze, L.-L. Ruffier, A. Seysses, R. Stigell, A. Walli, O. Waldmann, A. Wassinlinsky *(engraving medals).*

ARCHITECTURE

First Medals.

MM. P. André, R. Barbaud.

Second Medals.

MM. C.-N. Normand, M. Yvon, A. Durand, V.-A.-F. Dutocq, S.-A.-A. Louzier.

Third Medals.

MM. G. Chédame, M.-M. Rouillard, M.-P.-E. Paulme, P. Dusart, E.-V. Charpentier-Bosio.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. A. Barré, P.-E.-M.-A. Bossis, H.-F.-F. Chapelain de Caubeyres, V. Dargaud, L.-L. David, M. Dausset, Dobresco et Duquesne, M.-L. Dionis du Séjour, A.-G. Dubois, Esnault-Pelterie in collaboration with M. E. Meyer, Georgé et F. Kahenn, L. Hista, M.-E.-A. Honoré, A. Koch, J. Libaudière, L. Margotin, L.-P. Marquet, V.-J.-B. Mollet, F. de Morsier, F. Ollivier, A. Raimbert, Schüler in collaboration with M. J.-C.-M. Berger.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY

First Medals.

MM. A.-J. Annedouche *(burin)*; A.-A. Géry-Bichard, E. Mathey-Doret *(etching)*.

Second Medals.

M. J. Massard *(burin)*; Mme Jacob-Bazin *(wood engraving)*; M. P.-E. Guillon *(lithography)*.

Third Medals.

MM. A. Gravier, C.-A. Coppier, V.-L. Focillon *(etching)*; P. Gusman, H. Dochy *(wood engraving)*; J.-J. Pélissier, A. Audebert *(lithography)*.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. A. Dézarrois, W. Julian-Damazy, B.-J. Kriéger *(burin)*; J.-S. Payrau, A. Bertrand, C.-R. Dunod, Mme M.-T. Olivier, P.-G. Taverne *(etching)*; Mlles M. Genty, J.-M. Mirman, M. E.-P. Lemaire, Mlle M. Gabrie *(wood engraving)*; MM. Benoît de la Pinelais, P.-E. Mesplès, Mlle B. Chapus, A.-P. Millot *(lithography)*.

Prix Marie Bashkirtseff.

M. J.-B. Duffaud.

Prix de Raigecourt-Goyon.

M. R.-M. Fath.

LIST OF WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE STATE

PAINTING

MM. Bail . . . . . *Dish of Eggs.*
Bastien-Lepage (E.) . . . . *A Village in Lorraine.*
Bellée (L. de) . . . . . *Spring; environs of Amiens.*
Bernier . . . . . *Evening; Brittany.*
Bill (Lina) . . . . . *Gruissan; a village in the Aude.*
Billotte . . . . . *A Nook in Paris; winter evening.*
Bouchor . . . . . *Hoop-net fishing.*
Boulanger . . . . . *The Plain of Ambérieu (Ain).*
Bréauté . . . . . *The Workgirl.*
Breslau (Mlle) . . . . . *A Trio.*
Chigot (E.) . . . . . *Lost at Sea.*
Collin (R.) . . . . . *Ceiling for the Odeon Theater.*
Costeau . . . . . *Solitude.*
Diranian (Sarkis) . . . . . *An Italian Woman.*
Duffaud . . . . . *The Death of Ourrias.*
Dufour (C.) . . . . . *Saint-Bénézet Bridge, at Avignon.*
Dumoulin . . . . . *The Forum.*
Dupré (J.) . . . . . *Pathway at Mesnil.*
Fath . . . . . *The Frozen Stream.*
Ferrier (G.) . . . . . *Glorification of the Arts; (ceiling).*
Forget (Mlle) . . . . . *St. Cecilia.*
Gagliardini . . . . . *Noon (Auvergne).*
Garaud (G.) . . . . . *Old Bridge on the Rance (Côtes-du-Nord).*
Geoffroy (J.) . . . . . *A Night Refuge.*
Gervais (P.-J.) . . . . . *The Three Maries.*
Griveau . . . . . *My Room.*
Guéry . . . . . *A Garden at Auménancourt (Champagne).*
Hareux . . . . . *A Summer Night.*
Jeanniot . . . . . *M. Gibert singing.*
Lagarde (P.) . . . . . *Joan of Arc.*
Lansyer . . . . . *The Port of Mentone (Alpes-Maritimes).*
Laurent-Desrousseaux . . . *The Sisters' Dispensary.*
Laurent-Gsell . . . . . *The Seine; 18 January 1891.*
Léenhardt . . . . . *At Dawn.*
Lee Robbins . . . . . *The Fates.*
Le Roux (Const.) . . . . . *By the Fireside.*
Leroux (E.) . . . . . *My Father's Studio.*
Le Sidaner . . . . . *Blessing the Sea.*
Marec . . . . . *The Grandmother.*
Martin (H.-J.-G.) . . . . . *Every Man has his Chimera.*
Moreau de Tours . . . . . *The Death of Vaneau; 29 July, 1830.*

MM. Muenier . . . . . *Catechism.*
Normann. . . . . *Autumn; Raffond-on-Lofoden (Norway).*
Olive . . . . . *The Plan Rocks, near Marseilles.*
Perrandeau . . . . . *Holy women.*
Petitjean . . . . . *Verdun; evening.*
Renouf (E.) . . . . . *Brooklyn Bridge.*
Ribarz . . . . . *View of Luxemburg.*
Ronot . . . . . *Beggars.*
Roullet . . . . . *View of Noumea (New Caledonia).*
Sain . . . . . *Youth,*
Saintin . . . . . *November Morning.*
Smith (A.) . . . . . *In the Woods; summer.*
Tanzi . . . . . *Evening.*
Thiollet. . . . . *Mussel Gatherers; Villerville (Calvados).*
Tournès . . . . . *Young Girl at her Toilet.*
Zakarian . . . . . *Cheese and Figs; still-life.*

DRAWINGS, CARTOONS, ETC.

MM. Bourgoin . . . . . *Houdan Fowls,* water-color.
— . . . . . *Courtyard,* water-color.
Iwill . . . . . *Before the Storm,* pastel.
Léandre . . . . . *In the Country,* pastel.
Pointelin . . . . . *Woods in November,* pastel.

SCULPTURE

MM. Becquet (J.) . . . . . *Rude,* marble bust.
Bloch (A.) . . . . . *Martyr,* statue in wood.
Boutry . . . . . *A Hunter,* plaster statue.
Caniez . . . . . *Louise Lobé (1526-1566),* marble bust.
Carlès. . . . . *Eternal Poem,* plaster statue.
Coutan (Mme L. Martin) . . *A Spring,* plaster statue.
— — . . *Mademoiselle Maillard,* marble bust.
Cros . . . . . *Circe,* stone bas-relief.
Daragon-Laurent . . . . . *Baron de Gerando,* marble bust.
Delaplanche . . . . . *Eve before the Fall,* marble statue.
Doublemard . . . . . *Regnard,* marble bust.
Frémiet . . . . . *Saint-George,* bronze statuette.
Gardet . . . . . *Jesus asleep,* marble group.
Gaudez. . . . . *Louison, the flower-girl,* marble statue.
Grandin . . . . . *The Death of Hyacinth,* marble statue.
Hugoulin . . . . . *M. Nollau,* marble bust.
Injalbert . . . . . *Child with a Fish,* marble fountain.
Kinsburger . . . . . *Reverie,* plaster group.
Lami (S.). . . . . *A First Offence,* marble statue.
Lancelot (Mlle). . . . . *Family,* plaster bas-relief.
Larche . . . . . *The Meadow and the Brook,* plaster group.
— . . . . . *Christ among the Doctors,* marble statue.

MM. Larroux . . . . . *Return from the Boar Hunt,* plaster statue.
Legueult . . . . . *A Tomb,* marble bas-relief.
Levillain . . . . . *Diogenes*, bronze vase.
Moria (Mlle) . . . . . *A Study*, bronze bust.
Peene . . . . . *The Awakening of Magdalen*, plaster statue.
Pézieux . . . . . *Echo,* plaster statue.
Plé . . . . . *Tronchet*, plaster bust.
Richer . . . . . *"Premier artiste,"* bronze statue.
Ruffier . . . . . *H. M. Norodom the 1st, King of Cambodia,* marble bust.
Soldi . . . . . *Acteon,* painted bas-relief in marble.
Syamour (Mme) . . . . . *Diana,* plaster statue.
Theunissen . . . . . *During the Strike,* plaster group.
Vernhes . . . . . *Returning from the Games*, plaster statue.

ARCHITECTURE

Delaporte . . . . . *Temple of Baion at Angkor*, 9 frames.

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